Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 23.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph,* and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1833, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats*, with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

PARK THEATRE.—During the recess, or rather, the half salary season, between July and September, most of "the great creatures," and a considerable portion of "the leather and prunella" attached to the Park company betake themselves to the sylvan shades of the country, where those of the masculine gender spout tragedy and frighten the trout alternately. Such is the state of things at this present writing, so that we have the novelty of new faces in old pieces. The manager, however, is doing his best, and surely no one will complain of a want of attraction when we have the KEELEYS, Miss MELTON, and LATHAM on the same evening. The Keeleys sail for Liverpool in the packet of the 1st of Aug. As it is doubtful whether we shall have another opportunity of witnessing their inimitable acting, the present one should be improved.

There is an *on dit* that MADAME VESTRIS is engaged for the Park next season, as well as a *corps de ballet*. We should not be surprised to see FANNY ESSLER or DUVERNAY here before PAGANINI, after all the paragraphs that have been thrown away about him. OLE BULL, his Norwegian rival is said to have been engaged by Mr. PRICE, by the London papers, and they speak of his "farewell engagement previous to his departure for America." It is understood that in addition to a number of distinguished artists now in the country, including Ellen Tree, Miss Clifton, Mrs. Maeder, Miss Horton, Abbott, Hill, and a dozen others, Old Drury will bring forward FORREST, Mr. and Mrs. WOOD, TEMPLETON, POWER, and KEAN, so that we shall have no lack of attraction or novelty. In the meantime great note of preparation is making for the adornment and re-embellishment of the classic walls of Old Drury. Mr. EVERS is getting up in superb style a series of original devices from the works of Sir Walter Scott, to take the place of those from Shakspeare upon the pannels of the boxes, and Mr. SIMPSON is sparing no expense to place every department of the theatre upon a new and improved footing. Several important additions to the company have been made, and what will be none the less gratifying to the public, the manager, at the close of the present season, will courteously direct a number of the ganders now in it, not "to stand upon the order of their going, but go at once."

The Bowery.—This hobby of thirty-six managers is in an interesting state. Money is received at the ticket offices "and no questions asked," but "forking it out" to the company, is quite another guess sort o' thing. Dinneford, Assignees, Hamblin, Stockholders, the Treasurer, Flynn, and the Stars are in that hopeful "mess" which Flynn defines as "a bloody row." It will end, doubtless, in Flynn's taking charge of the establishment for Hamblin. The Ravels, Mrs. Greene, (John Greene's accomplished lady, and a capital actress,) Mrs. Geo. Barrett, and Hamblin "the greatest tragedian, living *or* dead, the world ever saw," or the Bowery Boys either, are playing to shy houses.

The Franklin.—JOHN SEFTON has left—William, ditto, and Mrs. William, the same. John is promoted to the dignity of Manager at Niblo's, and Wm. Sefton and wife (late Miss WARING) are about to proceed upon a starring tour to the west and south. A new company and a large one, are now in quiet possession of the house. We believe Dinneford is still Manager.

The City.—After a short reign of three days, Alexander the Great has abdicated the throne, and the sceptre of management has fallen to COWELL—in other words, Hamlet has yielded up the ghost and the spirit of Shakspeare's murdered heroes "stalks unavenged," like Leigh Hunts' pig "up all manner of streets," instead of strutting its brief hour across the boards of the new City Theatre.

The Olympic.—Blake & Willard's new house, adjoining Tattersall's, in Broadway, is going up rapidly, and will be thrown open about the 1st of Sept. It is a few feet wider than the Franklin, and the lot is deeper by 50 feet. It is to be painted by the Italian artists, and fitted up tastefully.

The National.—This beautiful structure remains closed until the arrival of the great PAG. We expect every minute to hear his fiddle off the Battery.

Cooke's Equestrian Arena is closed, and will be, until the good people of Bosting send the company back; about which, by the by, they needn't hurry themselves. We can wait, as the boy said to his father, that promised to whip him when he got time.

Niblo's.—On Tuesday last a new species of entertainment was produced at this garden, under the title of Vaudevilles, which were completely successful, and are intended for the off nights, viz. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Two pieces are given each evening. Their pleasing and amusing character, assisted by the vocal powers of Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Bailey, Mr. T. Bishop, and Mr. Plumer, added to which the irresistible comic powers of Mr. John Sefton, who is the Director, and who possesses both taste and judgment, will go far to enable this establishment to rival that of Madame Vestris in London. Jefferson and one or two others, are also attached to the corps dramatic, not forgetting Mrs. Harrison, formerly of the Park. Mr. Watson is the Musical Director, which is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of that department. The audience, who were highly fashionable and numerous, expressed their satisfaction by repeated rounds of applause. The Vaudevilles will be repeated this evening.

MISS CLIFTON.—This accomplished and beautiful young woman has met with a highly flattering reception at the West. We are glad of it, and the more so because we are inclined to think that she has hardly received equal justice from the Northern press. Her personal qualities for the profession are remarkable. Her head nobly formed and admirably placed on her shoulders—her brow expansive and shaded by dark hair—her eyes full of soul, and her features significant of intellect in a high degree. Her voice, while perfectly feminine in its tones, is of great compass, and capable, with proper management, of expressing the sweetest emotions without monotony, and the sternest passions without harshness. We have seen her but in three characters, and she evinced in those, talents which, with proper cultivation, will render her an honor to her profession, and one whom the profession and the public should delight to honor.

Sunday Morning News.

AUGUSTA.

ALBANY, July 14, 1837.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times:—

AUGUSTA has just concluded a brief engagement in this city, with a handsome benefit. Albany is not a theatrical town, and under all the circumstances, MADAME DE ST. JAMES has reason to feel that her graceful and beautiful dancing has been fully appreciated. She certainly is one of the most lovely of her sex, and a deserved favorite with the public. There is a good deal of interest attached to the private history of this lady. I remember when she seconded Duvernay in London. She was even then—young as she was—considered to have great excellence, and to promise a high degree of superiority in her art. Her early marriage with a respectable French gentleman of rank, secured her from many evils which beset the profession. They have a fine little son of about five years of age, to whom they are tenderly attached, and as far as it is possible to be so, her connection with the stage is entirely unattended by any thing immodest or disagreeable.

Those who know her, speak of her life as one of seclusion and simplicity, and her manners as being ladylike and agreeable. Her husband is a gentleman, and devoted to her.

When instances like these occur in theatrical life, they should be known; they redeem the stage from the suspicions which too often justly attach to it from the misconduct of theatrical people. Augusta will be warmly welcomed at Buffalo, for which place she has departed.

I understand that a *Corps de ballet* is about to be imported into your city.—It is singular that with all the rivalry of your managers this has not lately been attempted. A good corps, headed by DUVERNAY or TAGLIONI, would in one year make the fortune of any theatre that was *prudently conducted*. The fault in these speculations is, that they are not conducted in a business-like manner. A few good houses appear to turn the managers' heads. Extravagance follows, the receipts of the theatre are diverted from its support to private dissipation—salaries are unpaid, the artists disperse, and no one else dare attempt their re-engagement when the novelty is over, and discord has crept in amongst them.—The Park, on the contrary, is conducted on correct principles, and is greatly successful.

MISSOURI THEATRICALS.

ST. LOUIS, (MO.) July 7, 1837.

DEAR P—The first TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA West of the Mississippi, was thrown open to the people of the "Far West" on Monday last. Yes, the most magnificent Theatre in the whole Mississippi Valley, (the St. Charles alone excepted), is now in operation in this city. I send you the *Prize Address*, and a list of the company, to be published in your invaluable paper as a matter of some little moment in the dramatic history of the times. The opening pieces were the *Honey Moon* and *Simpson & Co.* The name of the writer of the Address is EDWARD JOHNSON—and not DEAKON KUTZ, as was supposed. The writer was in Cincinnati some months since, where he saw the advertisement offering the prize. He had just lost a watch of $100 value, and he concluded to write for the offered premium. From among over twenty good ones offered, his was chosen—and, by a most singular coincidence, the writer happened to arrive on the day of opening, and came into the theatre while it was being delivered. Having long since found his watch, he had almost forgotten the circumstance of writing an address for this theatre, particularly as the time the prize was to have been awarded (15th April) had long since passed. Judge of his feelings when he entered the theatre, on hearing his lines spoken with "good emphasis and sound discretion," and responded to with loud plaudits by the audience! The next day he called and received his prize.

I understand from the managers, that neither of them will visit the North this season. The company is already so well filled that they need no more performers in the way of *Stock*—and the *Stars* are pretty sure to find them out if they wish to come within their *orbit*.

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We have before us the first bill of the play issued by the managers of this new dramatic temple—the first opened west of the Mississippi, a portion of which we quote:—

THEATRE.—FIRST PERFORMANCE.—The public are respectfully notified that the *New St. Louis Theatre* will be opened for the season on Monday evening, July 3, 1837. The following is the present organization of the establishment:—

Managers—LUDLOW & SMITH. Stage-Manager—Mr. DE CAMP. Leader of the Orchestra—Mr. MYERS. Dramatic Performers—Messrs. Ludlow, Sol Smith, J. M. Field, De Camp, T. Placide, M. Field, Anderson, Hubbard, Anderton, Riley, Barker, Kelly, Jackson, Pearson, Thorpe, Newton, Sergeant, Jones, West, and Chambers. Miss Riddle, Miss Pettie, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Salzman, Mrs. Kutz, Miss Vogt, and Miss Henning. Principal Dancers—Mr. and Mrs. Bennie. Orchestra—1st violins, Mr. Myers and Mr. Brown; 2d violins, Mr. Bouldin and Mr. Schwiud. Tenore—Mr. Solomons. Clarionette—Mr. Hennings. Flute—Mr. Flagg. First Horn and Trumpet—Mr. Salzman; 2d horn—Mr. Marchant. Violincello—Mr. Jones. Double Bass—Mr. Kutz. Scenic Artists—Principal, Mr. J. R. Smith; Assistant, Mr. Ryers. Machinists and Carpenters—Principal, Mr. Stafford; Assistants, Messrs. Heckman and Hent.

There are few more sterling histrions in the country, than CHARLES BOOTH PARSONS, the subject of the paragraph annexed, which we quote from Prentice's Louisville Journal of the 27th June:

THEATRE.—Bannister's Tragedy of "Caius Silius or the Slave of Carthage" was played on Saturday evening to a full and delighted house. The subject of this play is so well known to most of our readers as to preclude the necessity of any remarks upon it—our business at present is with the representation of the principal characters.

The character of the hero, "Caius Silius," a Roman in slavery at Carthage, was sustained with great ability and power by Mr. Parsons. The galled pride of the Roman, wearing the fetters of barbarians, whom in soul he despised, was portrayed by this gentleman with exceeding fidelity to nature. The tones of triumphant defiance, exhibiting the works of a soul which adversity could not humble, were as powerfully rendered as those of any actor we have ever seen. It was "Ajax defying the lightning."

Nor was it in those parts alone where energy, physical and moral was required that Mr. Parsons succeeded. He was equally impressive in those parts of the character where the Roman was merged in the man, and where the expression of tenderness and paternal affection was required. His scene with "Florena," just discovered to be his daughter, was full of the most natural feeling. It presented a marked contrast to those passages, in which, but a little while before, he defied the whole powers of his enemy, armed with his chains alone.

Mrs. HUNT'S *Florena* was a very beautiful piece of acting—we should rather say was an exquisite representation of nature. This lady has improved very much since we had the pleasure of seeing her last. Nothing could be finer than her expression of devoted love to her husband. In the execution scene she sustained Parsons with great ability. But the finest part of her acting was that in which "Florena" prepares for death. The quiet resolution, with which she resigned herself to her fate, was expressed more eloquently in her looks than words could render it.

FENNO played Caethanus with great spirit. He is a young man of high promise in his profession, and with application there is little doubt of his achieving an enviable reputation in it. The other parts were all well played.

The Cincinnati Gazette of the 8th inst. has the annexed paragraph relative to Miss CLIFTON:—

NATIONAL THEATRE.—We find that the managers of this splendid establishment are determined to merit the approbation of their friends and patrons, by producing all the novelties of the day. We are gratified to learn that the highly accomplished actress Miss Clifton, will make her appearance this evening. The Eastern papers (for we have not seen her) state she possesses more personal beauty, than any lady that now adorns the American stage, added to which she has not her superior, in her line of characters. This should be sufficient to insure a full house, and let us one and all attend.

Mrs. Tiernan.—A manager always ought to engage pretty actresses—there are so many who go to the theatre on purpose to gaze at and admire, and then go away and talk about them—and then go back and admire them again.

Fanny Jarman (Miss Tiernan now) was, as we all know, a splendid actress and a beautiful girl. One time when she was playing in Dublin, she was dreadfully beloved and gazed at by a Captain Burns of the Army. The Captain went every night to the theatre, took a corner box, and there saw nothing nor any body but Fanny Jarman. But every one noticed the Captain—and every body was pleased on account of his desperate passion for the fair actress.

The time came round at last, however, when the Captain received orders to repair forthwith to India. The night before he sailed he gave a brilliant party—but during its conviviality, the Captain stole away for an hour to go down to the play-house and take a look for the last time at his charming charmer. He seated himself in his favorite corner box. Every body saw him and observed that he looked sad. The act curtain was down, and the music was still. "Hilloo, down there," cried a sailor in the gallery to the flute performer in the orchestra, "you are doing nothing—could'nt ye be after oblagin' the Coptain in the corner box there by just playing *Burn's farewell on the Jarman flute?*" Louisville Jour.

Who does not remember the debut at the Park, some fifteen months since, of the beautiful Mrs. SHAW? If there is such a Goth among us, the following critique, from the New Orleans Bulletin, will perhaps recall her to mind:—

Mrs. Shaw is in reality one of the very best actresses that ever graced our stage; and though not preceded by the shadow of a great name, nor heralded by the applause of distant lands, her intrinsic merit has borne her triumphant, and she has in truth "won golden opinions from all sorts of men." There is a charm about her acting peculiar to herself—a nameless excellence that without study or effort excites your warmest partialities, fixes your attention, and elicits involuntarily your heartiest applause. The soft, sweet expression of her countenance—the sparkling lustre of her eye—the rich and varied music of her voice,—and above all, the grace, gentleness and dignity of her manners, are irresistible. In pieces of a pathetic cast, where the finer qualities of the female heart are made to pass through the ordeal of disappointment or misfortune, Mrs. Shaw succeeds best; they are best suited to her nature, and in them we prefer her to any actress we have seen for years. Not one, not even the most obdurate and unfeeling, can listen to one of her appeals in distress without feeling his sympathies strongly excited, and the instinct of his nature prompting to rush to her relief. When, too, the expression of love rests upon her features, causing her bright eye to beam with additional lustre, and her swelling bosom to heave with the excess of timid passion, all are transported with admiration, even though conscious that the whole is a delusion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND GEORGE IV.

The reception of Scott at Carlton House, (in March, 1815,) is entertainingly narrated as follows:—

"On hearing from Mr. Croker (then Secretary to the Admiralty) that Scott was to be in town by the middle of March, the Prince said, 'Let me know when he comes, and I'll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him;' and after he had been presented, and graciously received at the levee, he was invited to dinner accordingly, through his excellent friend Mr. Adam, (now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court of Scotland,) who at that time held a confidential office in the Royal household. The Regent had consulted with Mr. Adam also as to the composition of the party—'Let us have,' said he, 'just a few friends of his own—and the more Scotch the better;' and both the Chief Commissioner and Mr. Croker assure me that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection. It comprised, I believe, the Duke of York, the late Duke of Gordon (then Marquis of Huntley), the Marquis of Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth), the Earl of Fife, and Scott's early friend, Lord Melville. 'The Prince and Scott,' says Mr. Croker, 'were the two most brilliant story-tellers in their several ways that I have ever happened to meet; they were both aware of their forte, and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the Royal table. The Lord Chief Commissioner remembers that the Prince was particularly delighted with the poet's anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness *capped* by ludicrous traits of certain erminèd sages of his own acquaintance. Scott told, amongst others, a story which he was fond of telling, of his old friend the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield; and the commentary of his Royal Highness on hearing it amused Scott, who often mentioned it afterwards.

"The anecdote is this:—Braxfield, whenever he went on a particular circuit, was in the habit of visiting a gentleman of good fortune in the neighborhood of one of the assize towns, and staying at least one night, which, being both of them ardent chess-players, they usually concluded with their favorite game. One spring circuit the battle was not decided at daybreak, so the Justice said, 'Weel, Donald, I must e'en come back this gate in the harvest, and let the game lie over for the present;' and back he came in October, but not to his old friend's hospitable house, (for that gentleman had in the interim been apprehended on a capital charge of forgery,) and his name stood on the *Porteous Roll*, or list of those who were about to be tried under his former guest's auspices. The laird was indicted, and tried accordingly, and the Jury returned a verdict of guilty. Braxfield forthwith put on his cocked hat, (which answers to the black cap in England,) and pronounced the sentence of the law in the usual terms,—'To be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and may the Lord have mercy upon your unhappy soul!' Having concluded this awful formula in his most serious cadence, Braxfield, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him in a sort of chuckling whisper, 'and now, Donald, my man, I think I've checkmated you for ance.' The Regent laughed heartily at this specimen of Macqueen's brutal humor; and 'Ifaith, Walter,' said he, 'this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast—

'The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants, and the *Morning Post*.'

"Towards midnight the Prince called for 'a bumper, with all the honors to the Author of Waverley,' and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, 'Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honors of this toast. I have no such pretensions, but shall take care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid.' He then drank off his claret, and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness exclaimed, 'Another of the same, if you please, to the author of Marmion; and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for ance.' The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged, and Scott then rose and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as 'alike grave and graceful.' The story has been circulated in a very perverted shape. I now give it on the authority of my venerated friend, who was—unlike, perhaps, some others of the company at that hour—able to hear accurately, and content to *see single*. He adds that having occasion the day after to call on the Duke of York, his Royal Highness said to him, 'Upon my word, Adam, my brother went rather too near the wind about Waverley—but nobody could have turned the thing more prettily than Walter Scott did, and upon the whole I never had better fun. The Regent, as was his custom with those he most delighted to honor, uniformly addressed the poet, even at their first dinner, by his Christian name, 'Walter.'"

WELL-FOUGHT FRIGATE ACTION.

The Arethusa had stood some distance from the land, and the second day after the action with the flotilla, the man at the mast-head reported a large ship; the signal midshipman reported her as a frigate, and Mr. Jones, who had perched himself on the top-gallant yard, reported her as a very suspicious sail. It was at daylight that she was first seen, the wind being north-east by east, the Arethusa standing on the starboard tack, the stranger bearing south-west. Captain Murray instantly bore up in chase. As the weather was very hazy, some time elapsed before the stranger was properly made out. She was evidently a frigate on the larboard tack, with her royals set; but the difficulty of accurately discovering her course or her intentions, arose from her having her mizen-top-sail aback and her main-topsail shivering. The rake of her masts was decisive of her nation: and there was not the least doubt that she was a frigate from Toulon, which had crept along the coast, and was now apparently disposed to court an action. Captain Murray was resolved not to disappoint her captain; and in his short energetic address to his men, he mentioned his regret at the loss he had experienced from the last action, and the absence of his men in the prize: "Not," said he, "that the victory is in the least degree doubtful from their absence—but that I regret such brave fellows should be excluded from sharing the honor with us. That, my lads," said he, as he stood on the carronade slide and pointed to the chase—"that is a French frigate; in three hours' time she shall be an English frigate! And now, my lads, we have no lee-shore to fear, and, thank God! no one to assist us. This will be a fine trial of strength, and our former *practice* will now become beneficial. I shall lay you close alongside; and I have confidence enough in the Arethusa's crew, although diminished in numbers, to expect the certain capture of that ship. We will keep our three cheers until we are near enough for the crew to hear them; and when the work is done, we will splice the main brace."

Whilst this was occurring on board the Arethusa, the officers of the French frigate were passing their remarks and calculating their prize-money. "She is nothing more than a corvette, and not a very large one either," said the French captain to his officers. "She certainly does not look very large, although she is in the haze," replied the first lieutenant, and there can be little doubt of the result." "These English sailors," continued the first, "consider themselves invincible, and that no vessel has a right to sail the seas but their own; we must look large to them from our position, and with our royal yards aloft we must appear what we are. And yet the little vessel comes down as gallantly as if she were a three-decker. It is marvellous how some men walk to their certain destruction, and how coolly they tumble into a trap which with common prudence they might avoid." He then addressed his men, who were at their quarters, desiring them "to fire high, so as to hinder the escape of the rash captain who was coming down with them into a French harbor."

It was eight A. M. The French frigate had remained on the larboard tack, waiting for the Arethusa, and keeping still under the same sail. She hoisted her colors and fired a gun to windward. As this was considered a fair challenge—a kind of throwing down the glove, Captain Murray ordered the colours to be hoisted, and a blank cartridge to be fired. "Mr. Stowage," he said, "after we have beaten that gentleman, he will try to escape; we will engage him to leeward to prevent it. We may have his smoke in the first instance, but we shall prevent any bearing up and making sail."

The captain visited every part of the ship: he was loudly cheered as he passed round the decks. He saw the signal-books collected, the weights put in the box, and having satisfied himself as to all arrangements both below and aloft, he came on deck just as the gunner's magazine, as Weazel called it, was drowned. The French frigate, at a quarter to nine, opened her fire, directing all her guns aloft; then filled her main and mizen-top sails, gathered way, and wore, bringing a fresh broadside to bear upon the Arethusa. The wind being light, much time was required to near the Frenchman; and he, availing himself of his position, practised the above manœuvre three times, thus keeping almost his own distance, for when he got before the wind, he seemed much superior in sailing than the Arethusa. Murray's impatience soon became manifest; the shot of the Frenchman rattled amongst the rigging, and finding that many men must be sacrificed before he could pass to leeward of his wary antagonist, he altered his determination and run right at her to windward. This gallant measure succeeded; by a quarter after nine both frigates being then on the larboard tack, within pistol shot, brought their broadsides mutually to bear, and an animated fire commenced. The Arethusa, being under all sail, with the exception of her studding sails, shot ahead of the French frigate: the latter, profiting by her opponent's damaged state of rigging and of her own position, bore up, and thus getting her guns to bear on the stern of the Arethusa, raked her. She then instantly luffed up and tried to bestow her starboard broadside in the same manner. This last intention was frustrated by Murray, who instantly ordered all the sail-trimmers to the braces, threw the Arethusa right aback, brought the bow (or rather, stern) of the Frenchman against the starboard quarter of the Arethusa, and foul of each other they lay in a parallel direction. "Boarders on the starboard quarter." The word was repeated, and immediately the men, headed by their different officers (the boarding pikes and cutlasses gleaming in the sunshine), rushed to the appointed place; whilst on board the Frenchman the cry was also to board, and her forcastle was crowded with a very superior force. "Avast boarding!" said Murray. "Mr. Weazel, jump down on the main deck and tell the officer of the after-quarters to get one of the guns through the cabin windows.—Fire away marines—that's your sort; keep down all but the small arm men!—Jones, jump below and get that gun ready!" The Frenchman, having tried three times to carry the Arethusa by boarding, and being beaten off each time, turned their attention to a long brass thirty-six pounder which was on their forecastle, and brought it to bear on the English frigate; whilst the soldiers on board the French ship annoyed Jones and his party by keeping up a steady and well-directed fire upon the cabin windows, killing and wounding vast numbers. Foremost among the most active was Weazel: he was now quite in his element—he cut his jokes as readily as if out of all danger; and the gunner who was told of the position of the ships, finding the powder-boys did not come to replenish their boxes, was likewise conspicuous at the post of danger. "Hand here the tackle, Pounce!" said Weazel! "there—bob your head like a mandarin in a tea-shop, or you'll go after your magazine with lead enough to sink a man of three times your specific *gravity*. That's your sort!" he continued, as the gunner worked in silence.—"Now get a handspike—not that monkey's tail of yours, and handspike the gun round—never mind the captain's locker—down with the rudder-head—kick that rubbish overboard: hand here a cartridge—a rammer, you precious-looking cuckoo! I beg his pardon—he caught that shot right in his hand! Now, then, my lads! you are half of you indebted to the gunner for your wounds; for had he fitted a long tackle to the gun, instead of writing his 'Monkey's Tail,' we should have cleared away those precious Frenchmen half an hour ago: there they stand right along the larboard gangway blazing away at us as if we were sparrows on a dung heap!" Murray finding the whole fire of the French marines directed towards his cabin windows, and hearing that the deck was literally strewed with the killed and wounded, went down himself, sent Mr. Jones on deck, and there saw Weazel foremost in all the danger, appearing to bear a charmed life.—"Well done, Weazel!" he exclaimed; "your promotion is sure." "Thank you, Sir," he replied: "the gunner thinks I shall never be exalted. Now, then, we are ready; hand here another canister, and just another bundle of grape;—there's fruit enough for half Paris!" The gunner, who had never said a word, but worked in the most exposed part, took as quiet aim as if he were practising at a cask, and fired right along the French frigate's deck. It stopped all the musquetry—no less than twenty of the enemy were killed by this single discharge, and the ship appeared swept from stem to stern, since not a man was visible for a minute after that awful fire. "There's D. D. for a lot of them," said Weazel. "Pounce, you have all this on your conscience; you have set those fellows dancing to a tune they don't like. Knock that powder monkey's eye out! why don't you move?—hand here again." Again the gun was fired, sweeping fore and aft the Frenchman's deck, and creating a fear which even the gallant Frenchman could not overcome. In the meantime the Arethusa's marines were not idle; their fire was so well directed that the French frigate was unable to use the forecastle gun, and both parties, from their vicinity to each other, were obliged to stoop under the bulwarks to load. Half an hour had the two ships been in the position we have assigned them, when a light breeze caught the sails of the French frigate (her yards being braced up, whilst the Arethusa's were aback) and she forged a little ahead. As she advanced on the broadside of her antagonist, the jolly tars poured in the contents of their guns, and seriously wounded the bowsprit. The Frenchmen were now all in their glory; again they gave a cheer as their frigate shot up upon the broadside of the Arethusa, and a most destructive action commenced, yard-arm to yard-arm—the one party fully convinced of the superiority of men, the other firm in the belief that they could beat three French frigates. Weazel was heard singing the song.

"And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Rather than strike, we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa."

"Blaze away, my lads! never mind expending the powder; plenty more where that came from. If I can only catch hold of any mate of that ship, I'll see if his fingers will grow on my hand again." Murray's voice was likewise heard, cheering his men, and the advantage of practical gunnery now came into play.—Almost every evening the Arethusa's men had practised at their guns; and from being quite at home at their business, with the advantage of real practice the two days before, they now fired nearly two shots to the French frigate's one.—The battle soon exhibited sufficient proof of the good firing of the Arethusa, when, with her maintop-mast gone, her foremast tottering from its wounded state, the French frigate relinquished all hope of capturing her opponent, and passed ahead of the Arethusa and was soon out of gunshot. On board the English frigate every brace and bowline had been shot away; her sails were cut to pieces, her main-royal mast, maintop-sail yard and gaff were in shatters; and although, comparatively speaking, uninjured in the hull, she lay on the waters perfectly unmanageable. The gaff had been shot away when the two ships first fell foul of each other, and the flag of the English ensign falling on the forecastle of the Frenchman, they instantly seized it, tore it from the gaff end, and carried it aft as a trophy. Murray looked at Weazel, who directly got a boat's ensign, stuck on a boathook, and called out, "That's all the prize-money you'll make out of us to-day, my lads!" "Now, then, Mr. Jones," said Murray, "turn the hands up, refit ship—I have not half done with my friend yet, and he looks as much like a wounded bird as ourselves—let a party of men get a new suit of sails up: hand up some coils of small rope—any thing will do to reeve for the present: look sharp, my lads! Topmen aloft! unbend sails!—let the gunner look to the main rigging, and a small party of the marines go down below to remove any of the wounded men, and carry the dead forward out of sight cover them over: see to this, Sir," he said to the second lieutenant of marines.—"Knot all you can aloft, Jones: reeve and cut the rest—don't wait for orders aloft!—unbend as quick as possible! Well done in the foretop!—There, my lads, look ahead of you! there's her foremast gone:—we'll have her before one o'clock.—Step out with the foretop-sail halyards. Well done my lads—trim sails!—Jones, here's a delightful breeze coming; the Frenchman's a perfect wreck, and long before they get clear of their foremast we shall be alongside.—That Weazel is a wonderful fellow—where is he?" "He's down in the cock-pit, Sir," replied one of the youngsters, "very badly wounded." "Go down and ask the surgeon about it, youngster. Weazel and the gunner," he continued to Jones, "although opposed to each other as oil and water, are two of the finest fellows I ever saw." "He is very badly wounded indeed, Sir," said the midshipman, coming on deck; "but he says he shall die contented if he only hears the cheers of the men when the French frigate strikes." "He shall not be long in being so gratified," murmured Murray; "although if it is to be the last sound he hears, I declare I wish the ship to escape.—To quarters again; we have her now, Mr. Jones!—Mr. Stowage, place us as close alongside of her as you can without getting foul of her. Stand by, my lads. Now then, one and all, with a good will, give her three cheers!" In an instant the lower rigging was crowded, and three such hearty cheers were given, that Weazel started from the chest on which he was laid in the steerage, joined in the cheer, and singing out,

"Rather than strike, we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa,"

fell back and fainted. The effect of these cheers upon the Frenchman may be imagined; their ship, which they had fought and defended with determined bravery, lay a wreck upon the waters. The Arethusa was coming up upon the starboard side, over which was the wreck of the foremast; the men, from the gallant manner she approached, became dispirited; and after a short council of war, in which it was resolved that all further opposition would be useless, the tricolored flag of France was ordered to be struck; and at fifteen minutes after noon the Arethusa's men gave the cheer of victory; and poor Weazel unable to speak from weakness, moved his fore-finger round his head, imitating the manner in which a sailor waves his hat, when he cheers, and died.

Capt. Chamier's The Arethusa.

PAGANINI.

Paganini! Paganini!
Never was there such a genius before as Paganini!
Though his figure's lank and leany,
Though he is a little mean, he
Still, you know, is Paganini.
Lillies rich lillies fresh and greeny
Are the strains of Paganini.
Nothing's seen of the machinery of art in Paganini.
From the first set off, *al fine*,
Nature's all to Paganini.
Fifty piano's con sordini
Can't come up to Paganini.
If there's a man whom the knee
May bend to—'tis Paganini.
Bilious men, and men who're spleeny,
Ought to go to Paganini.
Dullest fellows I have seen electrified by Paganini.
Such his power that—"Nota Bene,"
The d—l himself, or else his plenipotentiary is Paganini!

London Journal.

THE RABBITING.

I may fail, and most likely shall, to convey a sense of the excitement and gratification which I believe is felt by every one, who joins the party at a rabbiting; but as none of my sporting acquaintance have dropped you a line on the subject, I am induced to do it myself. To such of your readers as are familiar with the sport, my sole apology for intruding these reminiscences upon their notice, is a wish, that like myself, they may thereby "live their pleasures o'er again;" and to others who have not yet been at one of these "Battues of the Commoners," I hope, if I do justice to my subject, they may be induced to join in the first day's sport of the kind that is offered to them.

There never was a finer morning for the sport than the 4th of February last—"a southerly wind and a cloudy sky"—when my old friend, John D——, was announced; and as things seemed inclined to go on lucky with us that day, it had pleased the "service maids" to have the breakfast ready by eight.

"Well, old fellow," says he to me, (although his junior,) "how are ye?"

"Hearty," replies your humble servant; "have you got the dogs ready?"

"No doubt about it."

Now be it known, that preparatory to a day's rabbiting, not only are all the regulars wanted, but the fire-side gentry—spaniels kept to look at, good wild ones, that will drive them if guns don't, from the cover; terriers and "curs of low degree," are all in high request on such an occasion. What by borrowing, with and without leave, joined with our own which could be depended upon, we had enlisted a pretty good *tow*—eight couple; which with the keeper's pack, and those of three other friends, who had promised to be there, looked cheerily and all right for the day.

By the way, a diversity of opinion exists as to the propriety of taking out steady spaniels, I mean such as will not chase in or out of cover on these occasions. Having always had as steady spaniels as the most of sportsmen—a fact, which as it is well known to my friends, I need feel no false delicacy in stating—I think I am entitled to give an opinion on this subject, and it is briefly this:—That a young dog, or a dog inclined to hunt wide, if not spoiled by the bad example and encouragement of this sport, would become more intractable, if not altogether ruined. But with regard to steady old dogs it is of no consequence, in short, they have no business there; for as they won't chase, and keep listening, or beating about their master, they prevent other dogs driving the rabbits across the ridings or open places, where he is stationed, and by which many a shot is lost. I have a spaniel dog, however, at this time, of the Duke of Bedford's breed, orange and white, which has found out the difference (if I may so express myself) between wood shooting and shooting in a wood. With me alone, and our own dogs, none is steadier than he; but in *mixed* company, both as to breed and breaking, none is so wild and noisy.

During this digression, and I fear it will not be the only one, suppose us going quietly along in my friend's Stanhope; blowing our *'bacco* to keep the steam up, until we arrive within half a mile of Elton-gorse, (one of Lord Carysfort's covers, and a sure find with Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds.) Having just passed my boy, who had started half an hour before us with the *lot*, the keeper and his assistants are seen on the look out for us, from Mr. Reed's farm-house on the hill.

While the men are putting down the nets, Mr. Reed's servant attending to our horse and gig, and he himself gone to look if there be anything in the cellar, we'll say a few words, by way of a second and last digression, in reference to the keeper, mentioned above.

Mr. Edis, to say nothing of his uniform civility and quiet character, is a good shot—which is a good thing for him, as he has much game to kill—and one of the best dog breakers I know, which is a good thing for others. Indeed, I may say so, for I bought a pointer of him in 1831 for eight guineas, which Lord Strathavon the same season, when he gave me a day, offered me twenty for, at a time too when his Lordship preserved Long-Orton and his other manors most strictly, and kept four brace of pointers himself. I think after this no more need be said as to Edis's capacity in this respect, since it is well known to many that his Lordship was fastidious almost to a fault in having his dogs under good command. But it may not be improper to add, that as the game on Lord Carysfort's manors is not only well preserved, but chiefly killed by Edis himself, a dog entrusted to his care and shot to for a season, has a far better chance of being well broke, than one which is under the hands of a keeper who has but little game to kill, and who makes up the deficiency to the dogs by means of the whip and the starving system. A dog thus broke can never, in my opinion, compete with one, which from the first to the last day of going out, is amongst plenty of game both alive and dead.

We are not "on the sea," but in the gorse, with about twenty couple of dogs, men to beat, and boys with ferrets and spades, all on the alert, watching at the ridings, openings, and sides of the cover. The dogs are now uncoupled, and the cry begun, answered in a few minutes by a single shot—"first blood!" and then five or six in rapid succession from different parts of the furze, and "dead! dead!" shouted to about ten or a dozen of the dogs, which are growling, snapping, and almost fighting over the fallen. The sport now goes merrily on, and a man who has got a good post finds he can scarcely load fast enough, and begins to doubt whether his ammunition will last out or not. While the rabbits are skulking past him in all directions, and the guns going off on all sides, his attention is suddenly arrested by the cry "Mark cock!" which he probably has not time to do, for the bird is struck down by another just as he was about to raise his gun.

The thick, or middle part of the cover, having been pretty well scoured out, the keeper announces that he is going to beat the outskirts, between which and the interior there is a clear space of one hundred yards or so; and now is the time for gentlemen, who got on pretty well with *them* whilst skulking or sitting amongst the gorse, to try their skill on a clearer stage. "Look out!—there it goes—bang! bang!" "The last barrel killed it," cries Edis. "Yes," replies *the* shot, addressing his opponent. "I fear you don't see clear this morning:" chuckling that he has *wiped his eye*.

"Now, gentlemen, a subscription, if you please, for bread, and cheese, and ale; and while 'the winged Mercury' is dispatched to fetch it from the Blackhorse, and the dogs are coupled up to rest for an hour or so, we'll amuse ourselves in the open field with some of the '*live uns*,' which have been caught in the nets, or taken from the burrows; and 'if you have any conceit in yourself or your gun, I'll bet you two to one,'" and so on. And if you give it a fair chance, say forty yards, and one dog loosed, just to make it go along, there are easier things to kill *dead* than a rabbit, especially if it runs straight away with the cover a few yards before it.

I was somewhat amused, too, that day, with a story, or rather with the man and his manner of telling it, with perfect unconcern, while *tolling* out the ale. He was an old peninsula man, or rather the *remains* of one, had served under Sir David Baird, Sir John Moore, and lastly under the Duke of Wellington. We were grouped by the side of a brook, with the dogs lying around us, and the gorse and thorns stretching up the hill in our front, when the "remnant" broke out on a sudden.

"Ha! Mr. D——n, when I was in Spain, I remember one Tuesday morning at day-break, we were attacked by the enemy; and a little French drummer stood hammering away on the top of the hill, just like you. 'Pop! pop!' went the rifles, and down fell many a tall fellow—but the little drummer kept hammering on. 'D——n you, thought I, 'I'll spoil your music.'—Steady! and down he came, with his row, dow, dow—just like a pair of old boots."

At it you go again, the dogs are once more in cover, and as the steel is somewhat out of them, and all the cries of the chase, the course, and the wood in turn made use of to get them on, and keep them going; it is no longer of any use to stand and watch for the rabbits. The best way, therefore to obtain any shooting is to follow up the keeper, and take the snap shots just as you can get them. Keep a sharp look out, especially on any dog that may be depended upon; don't be over nice for a few twigs, nor a good aim, shoot where you think it is going, and if you miss this time you'll kill the next. Now or never, too, is the time for a cock, especially round the outsides; and as the dogs are all pretty steady—the regulars always so, and the awkward squad beat almost to a stand-still—if a cock is flushed you stand a fair chance to bag him. Indeed, at the heel of the day, I have generally, in this respect, had the best sport by stealing away, and taking a couple of my own spaniels to do the needful.

Now for the report.—"How many killed, and who was the hero of the day; whose dog found first, worked best, and tired last—who missed that cock in the cover, and who killed the other in the open?" We'll talk these matters over, Mr. Editor, with your permission, after dinner; suffice it to mention in this place, that twenty-seven dozen of rabbits were killed, with two couple and a half of cocks, and—a thing of no little importance in a rabbiting—no man nor dog shot.

N. W.

Peterborough. London (New) Sporting Mag. for May, 1837.

ON THE FINE POINTS OF HORSES.

Mr. Editor,—The hunting season being over, and nothing remaining for us now but pleasing retrospection of its hazards and adventures, the mind of the sportsman is at leisure to consider the wonderful powers of that generous animal which so gallantly bore him in the field, and which is a principal agent in promoting the amusement of the chace.

When we look at the general beauty, fine proportions, and delicacy of the well-bred horse, we cannot be surprised that he should have been from the remotest antiquity, esteemed of the highest worth and consequence, and treated with a distinction befitting his elevated rank in the scale of domestic animals. Such is his value and importance in our own country, as to render at least a general knowledge of his character and management a necessary part of the education of a country gentleman; and all, from the highest to the lowest classes of society among us, pique themselves on their real or fancied acquaintance with this general favorite.

Under these impressions, and with a view to assist others in forming a correct judgment, I have been led to offer a few practical observations on the shape and action of the horse, marking out distinctly what are reckoned his "fine points," with the reasons for their being considered such, founded on an anatomical knowledge of the skeleton.

It is a matter of the first importance in this "land of horses," where nothing will do but what is "fast," that our hunters, hacks, and all horses for quick work should be "well-bred," or have a "show of blood;" terms which signify an approximation in descent more or less near to the thorough-bred horse or racer, whose pedigree is to be traced back uncontaminated to the horse of Barbary or Arabia.

Whatever other valuable qualification the hunter or hackney may possess, blood being so essential to speed, (for the best shaped common horse, ceteris paribus, can have no chance in the race with the worst among the thorough-bred), one might suppose that this excellence would be found in its greatest perfection in the Arabian himself, or horse of the Desart, the progenitor of our racing stock; but it is a curious, though well-ascertained fact, that the speed of the English race-horse is greater than that of the native barb or the Arabian from which he is descended.

Among the characteristic marks of blood are to be reckoned a fine thin skin, lean head, the muscles of the body, more particularly of the quarters, well marked; deer-like legs, with the tendons visible and distinct—appearances caused by the small portion of adipose and cellular membrane that is found in the composition of these horses. Feet small; the horn being finer in texture than that of the coarse bred horse, and the bones less porous and more compact. The hair of the mane fine and silky.

A well-shaped horse should have what is called "two good ends"—why, I shall explain presently. His dock should be set on high; he should have a good middle piece or trunk; his head light and well up; the distance between the withers and hip-bone short; the posterior or false ribs carried well back, forming what is called a horse "well ribbed up;" the neck light and airy, more especially if the head happen to be rather of the largest. The chest should be open, roomy, and deep, with plenty of width between the fore legs; and the shoulder blade inclining back from the point of the os humeri or shoulder-bone, to the top of the scapulæ or withers, should describe with the fore leg an angle of considerable obliquity. The nearer the hocks are to the ground, and the wider they are from the point to the hollow bend the better; broad loins, well spread haunches, a flat lathy knee, and leg with a long and large radius or fore-arm; are all points highly desirable in a well framed horse. I am here describing the horse in which speed is the greatest requisite, the draught horse requires a somewhat different mould.

Strength lies in muscle, and the degree of it depends upon its compactness and elasticity. We see, therefore, how erroneous is the idea of expecting superior strength from the degree of bone alone which a horse possesses. The Flanders horse has the most bone, but he is far inferior in strength to the thorough-bred horse in proportion to his size.

The advantage of the dock being set on high is, that the os sacrum or posterior part of the spine, and to which the dock is attached, will then also be high, and will allow of a much greater extent of muscle than if it dropped. There should be no hollow or sinking here, and the glutei muscles which clothe this part, and are powerful extensors of the os femoris, should be prominent and full. The advantage of a light head and neck is obvious; the fore legs will have less to do, less to support; and this constitutes what is termed a light fore-quartered horse. A good middle piece generally denotes a sound constitutional horse, and shows that he derives the proper degree of nourishment from his food. The distance being short between the hip bones and withers, causes the muscles called "longissimi dorsi," to be also short and compact; too great length in this part being a fault in loosely made and long waisted horses. There must be, however, sufficient length of back between the extremities for the horse to stand over a certain extent of ground. When a horse is well ribbed up, and the transverse spinous processes of the lumbar vertebræ are long, such a horse has good loins, points material to strength.

The chest is the receptacle of the organs of respiration and circulation—the lungs and heart, which performs the functions immediately concerned in the support of life—and it is separated from the viscera of the abdomen by the large powerful muscle called the diaphragm. In the disposition of this part, we particularly witness the beautiful contrivance of a wise providence in so carefully defending from external violence parts so delicate and important in their nature, and appropriating to their use a completely separate apartment. The advantage of a roomy chest, therefore, for the unrestrained play of these vital organs, which are so continually called on to acts of extreme exertion, cannot be too strongly insisted on. Above all, we must have the well-inclined shoulder, for in proportion to its obliquity will be the extent of its action. The scapula has little to do with speed, its being well placed is principally desirable in order properly to support the fore parts, and that there may be freedom in the shoulders. We see horses with upright, badly constructed shoulders, (though often with lofty action) always falling; while another with a well-placed scapula, though perhaps he may occasionally trip, rarely falls, his well-constructed shoulder enabling him to recover himself. Provided the scapula is properly placed, what is called a loaded shoulder, that is, one heavily clothed with muscle, is a good point: that shoulder only is to be objected to which is thick from its upright position, the muscles thereby losing their mechanical lever-like power; and if full and fleshy, they serve only to encumber and render the fore quarters heavy.

A horse is said to have two good ends when his hind quarters bear a degree of excellence in proportion to his fore quarters, and the one should not be too good for the other; for it is possible that he may be too well formed behind, if his scapula and shoulder are not in proportion; a perfect conformation of hock and hind quarter would be an evil, if the shoulder were not so constructed as to be enabled to get speedily out of the way of the throwing in of the haunch, and be ready

to support and catch the weight of the body when it is propelled by the lash of the hind legs.

The hocks are said to be near the ground when there is great length in the tibia, the bone that extends from the patella or stifle joint to the hock. The tib a cannot be too long. Its length, which is remarkable in the hare and greyhound, allows of greater extent of muscle and consequently of action. The hock joint itself is particularly to be observed; it is composed of six bones, the most material of which, so far as progression is concerned, is that called the os calcis, and which forms the point of the hock. If this bone be not long and projecting, forming thereby a wide hock, we shall in vain expect extraordinary action in the hind legs.

The excellence of the radius or fore-arm depends on the length or projection backwards of the ulna or elbow. Into the point of this bone, called the olecranon, is inserted the powerful muscle called triceps extensor brachii; the name of which sufficiently points out its use. In proportion also to the extent of this bone will be the breadth of the fore-arm, for some of the extensor muscles of the leg take their origin from it. The knee is made up of eight bones, one of which the os trapezium is as important in the composition of this joint as the os calcis is in that of the hock. On the degree of projection in this bone depends the perfection and beauty of the knee. It is placed at the external and posterior part of the knee joint, and acts solely as a lever for the insertion of the flexor muscles and annular ligament, and bears no more weight than a spur affixed to a man's heel. This causes a knee to be lathy and flat, the reverse of the course bred cart-horse, whose knee is round and thick. V. S.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for May, 1837.

THE ENGLISH TURF IN 1837.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman of North Carolina, now in England, to the Editor of the Turf Register.

LIVERPOOL, May 16, 1837

Mr. Editor,—Detained here to pass my boxes through the Custom-house, I have spent the most of my time at the Aintree races, which came off two days after my arrival, and I enclose you a return of the races. The course is on the estate of the Lord Lifton, and is a very favorable location. It is oblong, and about one and a half miles around, and as all the distances run are irregular, or mostly so, you seldom see the horses at the stand. As the list enclosed will furnish you the names of all the horses, I shall notice only those that won, and some few others to which my attention was called. The first race was won by Amurath, bred by Earl Derby. He is a large fine looking chesnut, strong in the back, loin, and limbs, with a fine head and neck. His condition fine—won easy—they ran about one-fourth of a mile for the race. The next race for the cup was both a good race and interesting from the number and quality of the horses. General Chasse the favorite—he has been a great winner—but the Carpenter led off—made running from the start, and won in good style; he is a bay horse, of fair racing size, about fifteen and a half. He is by Lottery, and is a good race horse. The severe pace at the beginning was said to have done up the General, as he had over weights, that is, he had seven pounds over his proper weight. The next was a walk over—a handsome blood like filly.

The maiden plate was won by a Priam filly, out of Miss Fanny; her dam is considered one of the finest mares in England, and this filly is a good one, and repeated well. She is of fair size, and handsome; has some engagements or she could be had. Thursday opened with the Liverpool St. Leger, which was won by Mr. Fox's Doctor, by Syntax. He is a handsome racing looking colt, but a little light; if he strengthens by age, he will be a troublesome customer. Sir T. Stanley's Pammon, by Priam, ran in the same race; he is a handsome colt, and was somewhat a favorite, as he won last week at Chester, but here he wanted speed. He has run three times this Spring,—once a winner, bolted once, and now beat. The two year old stakes won by Mr. Peel's Early Bird. He is a strong good colt, and much the best of the lot. I saw Latitude, full sister to Elis, in the stable. She is a strapping filly, but was some way amiss. She seemed too high on the legs. The colt stakes, 50 sovs. entrance, was won by the Marquis of Westminster's colt—a strong good colt, common size, and promises to be a serviceable horse. He was in splendid condition. The day concluded with a sweepstakes, heats one and a half miles. This Amurath won again, in good style, and the last heat in hand. Friday, a colt stake, for which only two started, a single half mile. This was won easily by Mr. Fox's black colt the Doctor; both colts by Dr. Syntax. Then came on a race with three only, won by Sadek. He is a horse of bad form, bad color, and bad condition. He won, it is true, but he is the meanest working horse I saw among them. The next was a race of great interest, and quite a betting one. Beeswing was somewhat the favorite, as Chasse had been beaten two days before. Three only started. Beeswing and Trapball both somewhat high, but looked well. The mare led off at a fair pace, and looked much like a winner as she came up the stretch, but whip and spur brought the General alongside about one hundred yards from home, and he won by half a length. The General is a strong, serviceable looking horse, and has more carcase and better ribs than any horse at the meeting. He looks like a campaigner, with sound legs, and fine constitution. Beeswing is a most beautiful and blood-like mare, about fifteen hands, and a fine bay. Trapball, a brown of great size, handsome and strong. Has run six times, and won four. The plate for beaten horses was not filled.

It is not in my power to give any opinion on the comparative merits of English and American race horses. It was not in my power to time them correctly any distance but one and a half miles, as in that race only they started at the winning post, but then we should be at a loss to say what they lose in an additional half mile. In general the horses do not in their forms come up to my expectations; the most of them show high breeding, not generally as good in the ribs as our horses, nor their rumps so handsome, but strong over the loins, and generally in good form for carrying weight. In general they have fine legs and feet. In my opinion, fine horses may be had here for us, but they should be selected by an American; few here are good judges for us. They praise their jockeys much; I do not admire their style of finishing a race; in my opinion, Willis is equal to any I have yet seen ride.

On reflection I am more and more convinced that if we are to benefit by the importation of mares or horses, they should be selected with reference both to form and blood, and I am equally certain that the present mode or fashion of racing in England is not well adapted to perfect that animal for general uses. You may be assured their carriage and saddle horses generally are not at all to compare with ours, either in form or action, while their cart horses are greatly superior in size and power. Indeed, there are none like them for slow and heavy draft. This is easily accounted for: their draft horses are bred on system for that use, and may be considered perfect; whereas, the race horse is now bred for speed alone, and early capacity to carry weight for short distances—this, too, they have attained in an eminent degree, but in the meantime they have lost sight of that which bestowed game and endurance. Yet there are among them some horses of the old form, and these are still the best for a campaign, yet they are not so much prized as others of a different character, whose great speed enables them to carry off the *great* events at Epsom or Newmarket—these last seldom suit us. What they here term good plate horses are what we want—such as can travel around the country—run week after week, all distances, making good races. Of this last description is General Chasse—he has at no time been at the head of the turf—he has won as many races as any horse in the country. Of the mares I have seen, only two are in such shape as I should choose for brood mares. Beeswing is strong, blood-like, short legged, and handsome. Sunbeam is equally strong and almost as handsome. They must breed good stock; the others, though handsome, are slight, and very narrow over the hips, and short in the after ribs. This last is a general fault in the English race horse—but their rising loins enables them to sustain heavy weights short distances.

Sadek, as I mentioned to you, won. He is a strong instance in favor of blood, and an apology for short, single heats. Such a horse could never win a race in our country. There is in my opinion no purpose to which he could be applied where he could earn his feed—to us he would be dear as a gift. Do not consider me as condemning all the blood horses here—far from it—many of them unite all the qualities for which we prize them; but their system of racing places a false value on some of the meanest garcons—these in time become stallions, and propagate bad copies of a worthless original, hence those horses usually seen in harness and under the saddle, are not equal to those used by gentlemen with us, nor are the horses in their hacks equal to ours for the same reason.

I shall now close this long letter, and will write you again from London after I see the Epsom, unless something should induce me to inflict another letter on you. Yours, sincerely, D.

THE DYING FOX HUNTER.

A very handsome and richly colored engraving, from a painting by Turner, of "The Dying Fox-hunter," has just been published in London. The grouping is admirable, and nearly all the figures are full of character. The jolly parson, with the Bible in one hand and a glass of wine in the other, may have been intended as a satire on the cloth; but the healthful hilarity of the assembled sons of Nimrod, contrasted with the last gleam of animation on the face of the dying man, and the complete abstraction of the medical attendant, combined with the whining look of an old hound by his master's bed-side, render this picture highly effective. To complete the scene, a weeping girl is introduced in the very midst of the sportsmen, who are singing and carousing over the death-bed of their companion. The following is the anecdote which the painter has so successfully embodied:—

"I shall never forget the scene I witnessed at ——— Hall, the seat of Sir Harry ———. You know, my dear Tom, what a staunch old sportsman the Baronet was considered, and we have reason to remember his kind heartedness and hospitality. Well, I was out one day with the hounds and a field of about sixty; we soon found a stout dox-fox, and after riding whip and spur for a good two-hours' chase, we fairly ran him down; I was one of the foremost, and I assure you, there were but a few who had the honor of being in at the death. It so happened, that the fox was killed on Sir Harry's grounds, and seeing one of his game-keepers coming out of a copse, we inquired after the health of his master. The man, with a rueful countenance, answered as he shook his head, that he was sadly afraid his respected governor would soon go to earth. This information, as you may suppose, threw a damp upon our spirits, for the Bart. was much beloved by all who knew him; we resolved, therefore, as we were so near the mansion, to quit our sport, and immediately ascertain the exact state of our friend's health. Accordingly, two or three of us, who had been his oldest acquaintances, sent up our names, and we were all desired, shortly afterwards, to step into the bed-room where he was lain. On one side of the bed sat the Physician, feeling the pulse, and looking at his watch, as if he knew the time when his patient would depart to another world; on the other side was the Vicar reading a prayer to soothe the last moments of the dying man; at the foot of the bed stood the Baronet's lovely daughter, weeping by the side of her brother; and on the floor lay the favorite old hound Towler, looking up as though he felt a deep interest in the scene. As we entered the room, Sir Harry raised his head gently from the pillow, and seeing the red coats, said in a distinct, but low, whispering voice, which seemed to thrill to our hearts—"Hark forward, hark forward; zounds, don't make a noise;" he then fell back exhausted, his pulse seemed as if it had stopped, his eyes closed, and all was still. Supposing him to be dead, we began to talk of the happy days we had passed in his company; and having taken some refreshments which were offered to us by the old butler, one of the company said that he was sure, if it were possible for Sir Harry to understand what was passing around him, that nothing would please him so much as to hear his favorite song for his dying dirge. This idea seemed to give general satisfaction, and accordingly, we all sung the well-known hunting song, "Hark the Goddess Diana, calls aloud for the chace." Well, can you imagine our surprise at hearing the Baronet join in with our last chorus, singing with a faint voice—

"To the fields then away let's repair,
For the huntsman is winding his horn."

As he repeated the words, he raised himself slightly, as if by a last effort, and they had no sooner passed his lips, than he once more fell back upon his pillow—and died.

PRIZE ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mr. J. M. Field, at the opening of the new St. Louis Theatre.

WRITTEN BY EDWARD JOHNSON, ESQ.

When Freedom's flag was wide o'er Greece unfurl'd,
And Delphi was the centre of the world,
The Drama first uprear'd the rustic stage,
To smooth the manners and instruct the age;
And tho' hoar Time hath sped with ceaseless flight,
And crush'd the splendors of that age of light,
Tho' the famed monuments of that blest day,
Have fallen to earth, and moulder'd in decay;
Tho' vision-like two thousand years have roll'd,
And Greece is not now, what she was of old,
The Drama still to kindly feeling true,
Loves the bright land, where first her childhood grew,
Points to her *Thespis*, who though rude in art,
Touch'd the warm feelings of each generous heart,
To *Æschylus* who madden'd while he sung,
And o'er the lyre a hand of frenzy flung;
To *Sophocles*, who gorgeous and sublime,
Lives to this day, and only dies with Time;
And to *Euripedes*, whose plaintive song
Seizes the list'ner as it floats along,
Leaves with the bosom liquid notes of wo,
Steals to the heart, and makes the tear to flow.

Where the rough Alps with summits high and free,
Look o'er the plains of fallen Italy,
The Drama there a look of pity throws,
For there in days of yore her anthems rose;
For then were heard the mirth and laughter loud,
When *Plautus'* muse addressed the Roman crowd,
When *Terence* too, pour'd forth the comic song,
The cheers were high, the laughter loud and long.

Again she casts her searching eyes around,
"Beware"—'tis whispered, "this is holy ground;"
Why—'tis on Britain's isle our footsteps stand,
Nay it is more—'tis *Shakspeare's* father land;
Here did that Master all our feelings scan,
Each nook, each recess in the heart of man;
Here brilliant *Sheridan* fame's laurel won;
Here *Johnson* put his "learn-ed buskin on."

Flush'd with fond joy, she turns with rapt'rous glance,
To vine-clad hills, and sun-bright vales of France,
Points to the Theatre with tragic mien,
And marks the passions of the stern *Racine*;
From those who pity and who kindly feel,
She asks a tear—to shed with *Great Corneille*.

Now swift across the Atlantic wave she flies,
Where rear'd 'mid wilds, her beauteous domes arise;
Each hill and dale her thrilling voice have heard,
And *Forrests* echo to the native *Bird*;
Throughout our land, where'er she chance to roam,
She finds a *resting place*—but here a *home*.

We dedicate to thee, oh Goddess blest,
This thy first temple in the far, far west!
Oh! fondly cherish this fair house of thine,
And shed around thy influence benign:
Let vivid images of bye-gone things
Defile before our eyes like "Banquo's Kings;"
Let *Lear* again enact his frantic part,
And sweet *Ophelia* steal the hearer's heart—
Let the kind audience feel a fond regret,
And weep with *Romeo* over *Juliet*:
Let *Spartacus* again from bondage freed,
Not like a slave, but like a Thracian bleed;
Picture the scene where chaste *Virginia* fell,
And point to "freedom in the shaft of *Tell*."

And may the sylph-like nymphs our joys enhance,
By mystic trippings of the fairy dance;
On Ariel's wing, and soft as brooklets flow,
(Their footsteps falling like the flakes of snow,)
Let their little forms in mazy circles run,
And grace receive what *Taglioni* won.

Let these fair walls with echoes soft prolong
The dulcet gushings of each soul-born song,
Sweet as the Euphony of heaven's bright spheres,
Strike the bland warblings on the list'ner's ears.

Now to our audience, honor'd, learn'd, and gay,
The humble speaker hast one word to say:
If e'er loath'd vice should rear her hideous face,
Or in this tragic fame find dwelling place,
If e'er this house with scullion jesting rings,
Or desecrated be to sinful things,
Let the bold actor his presumption rue;
Be cursed the player, and his temple too!

But if the muse enlighten'd never strays
Far from the pleasant path of virtue's ways,
Then shall fair Learning sanctify this dome,
And Joy and Science fix their lasting home;
The tragic muse shall high her sceptre rear,
The sternest eye shall glitter with a tear;
Mild Thalia, too, shall all our griefs beguile,
And from the lips of sorrow steal a smile;
The rudest hearts shall feel the genial power,
And future ages bless this natal hour.
Then o'er the player be your kindness shed,
Pour out a golden show'r upon his head;
And may this house be ever richly blest,
And *Stars* arise hereafter in the *West*.

A Sentimental Emigrant.—One of the newly imported invoice of English paupers recently brought into New York, got himself into a great stew on account of a little whiffet dog which had strayed away, and which he was unable to find. Poor fellow! He wanted little Tray should have a chance with him at the pickings of the alms-houses. Picayune.

Novel Incident.—On Saturday last, a party of boys having gone into Lord Dynevor's park in search of bucks' horns, met with the following adventure:—On entering the deer shed, they saw two bucks lying down, to all appearance dead, and one of the lads exclaimed, "Here are some dead bucks, let us take off their horns," and immediately leaped astride of one of them, taking hold of the horns with the intention of separating them; but scarcely was he seated before the buck (which had merely retired there to rest) started upon his feet, bounded from the shed, carrying the astounded youth with the greatest velocity over hill and dale, for a distance of nearly two miles, and having in its course crossed a pond of considerable width, before the lad fell from his seat. The boy is 14 years old and weighs 73lbs.

THE BLACK GENTLEMAN.

On a dark November morning, some ten years ago, Mr. M——'s fox-hounds met to draw the Black Slough cover, a well-known harbor for a fox, distant three miles from the town of L——d, in S——e.

In a Leicestershire field, where from 200 to 300 horsemen assemble, a stranger passes without comment; but in a country of so moderate extent as that hunted by Mr. M., the members of the hunt are intimately known to each other, and a strange face among them naturally excites the query, "'Who is he, and where does he come from?"

Old Tom, the huntsman, had put his hounds into cover, and the horsemen were in the high road which skirts the wood, eagerly listening for a challenge, when a stranger of remarkable appearance was observed among them.

He rode a black mare, so badly clipped, that she looked as if she had been singed; her dock almost without hair; her mane thin and short. The saddle of ancient make, had taken the darkest hue of age, and was worthy of the steed. But the rider and his dress! His boots—unbrushed, unbrightened—were of the veritable mahogany tinge, which is so much the scorn of natty grooms and dandy sportsmen. Breeches of grey corduroy, black coat, waistcoat, and cravat, with a rusty black hat pulled down over a most sinister visage (remarkable, however, for a pair of fierce black eyes), completed the equipment of the stranger. As I only relate *facts*, I will not vouch for the report that a black worsted stocking peered from a rent in one of his boots.

"Joe," says the squire to his first whip, "who is the black gentleman?"

"Never seed him afore, sir; he looks as if he meant to go."

But hark, a challenge! Hark to Victory, hark to Pillager! They've found, by Jove! A view holloa to the left; reynard breaks cover—the pack are laid on close to his brush—a stiff fencing country indeed! The pace becomes distressing, and the field select. "Hard pounding, this, gentlemen; who will pound longest? Well done, Joe; egad, that was a rasper."

"Tom," says the squire again, "who is that sailing along, a field before the rest? he must be over-riding the hounds."

"It's that black gentleman, sir; and he rides like the devil!"

A cheek! a lucky chance, indeed, for the slow gentlemen in the rear, and among the fast ones there are bellows to mend.

"A queer smell here," says a sportsman.

"Like sulphur," says another.

"Look how that gentleman's mare smokes," says Joe.

"Make a quick cast ahead," cries the squire, "and don't keep talking there; what can hounds do in this infernal stench?"

The stranger evidently heard these remarks, and his dark eye flashed like lightning on the inconsiderate talkers.—But hark to Victory again! "Gently, gentlemen, gently—let 'em settle to it.—Now, go along!"

"Tom, that black fellow is ahead again; do you think he will face the drain?"

"I think he will, sir. Look he rams the mare at it,—and clears it.—No!—I'm afeard he is in.

"Indeed, I'm afraid he is in! Well, he is a gallant horseman, and shan't want help now he is in a strait—we'll ride up. Where did he fall in, Tom? I see neither man nor horse."

"Here he slipt, sir, and here he must be. The drain is bank full to-day, and six feet if it is an inch. I'll get off, and feel for him with my whip."

Tom thrust his arm elbow-deep into the drain, but he drew it back again in a hurry, as if the water was boiling hot. But what is that climbing the bank some fifty yards below, smoking and hissing like a steam-engine? The man and his mare again! He recovers his place, singles himself from the crowd, and is one of the select few who see the fox ran into at W——r.

It was remarked with surprise by those who had seen the fall, that though hot and smoking, neither rider nor horse showed any signs of immersion.

At the conclusion of the chase, the black sportsman took his solitary way towards B—— without speaking to any person; nor was any one, as may easily be guessed, anxious to join him in his homeward ride; but those who followed in the same track averred that for several miles a noxious and overpowering stench of sulphur tainted the air.

Although the laughers yet assert that the black gentleman was a member of the clerical profession from a distant county, who, not wishing his sporting propensities to be known to his bishop, had come incog. into S——e; and though they ridicule the idea of Satan presuming to appear *in propriâ personâ* so near the cathedral town of L——, I, however, know that most of those who hunted that day left the field with an impression that Old Nick had in a larking mood visited his "snug little farm upon earth," for a day's sport with Mr. M——'s hounds.

A little dark-complexioned groom, riding a black horse, and leading a black mare, left the Red Lion at B—— on the morning following. Whether they belonged to the black gentleman or not was never ascertained—but neither man, groom, or horses were ever heard of or seen again in that part of the country.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for May, 1837.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT AT THE COBURG GARDENS.

An immense assemblage of persons thronged the Coburg Gardens on Thursday, to witness a trial of strength between Cootes, the noted pedestrian, and a well known brown hunter, Rover, the property of Mr. Gibney. The match was for fifty sovereigns aside; the man was freely backed before the start at 2 to 1. The feat was, each to go twenty times over the course in the Gardens, the horse carrying 10½ stone, the distance being about ten English miles, taking one hundred leaps, eighty ditches, twenty walls. The man came to the ground in blooming condition, the horse with rather a screw loose, having his off fore leg bandaged up, and as he went along evidently down upon that leg. At 52 minutes past four they started at a moderate pace, and on the first round the horse had only gained half a minute on the man, in the second round one minute and three quarters. Rover made each round at from three to four minutes; on the ninth round he baulked out of his leaps, and was punished severely—a man with a pole behind aided to bring him to his work; he balked on the seventeenth round likewise. On the seventh round the horse was pulled up, and his mouth refreshed with brandy and water, as also on the fourteenth round. The distance was performed in the following time:—

HORSE.	H. M.	MAN.	H. M.
1st round in	0 2½		0 3
2d	0 2½		0 3
3d	0 2¾		0 4
4th	0 2		0 3½
5th	0 2		0 3½
6th	0 2½		0 3¼
7th	0 2½		0 4
8th	0 3		0 3½
9th	0 3		0 3½
10th	0 2½		0 4
11th	0 2¾		0 4
12th	0 3		0 3½
13th	0 3		0 4
14th	0 3		0 4
15th	0 4		0 4½
16th	0 3		0 3½
17th	0 3		
18th	0 3½	Total	0 59
19th	0 3½		
20th	0 2½		0 0
Total	0 56		

The match was won by four rounds. Cootes not having completed his sixteenth round until one minute after the horse had passed the judge's seat a winner. Cootes was apparently much distressed, the horse very warm, but rather fresh, considering the work he had done—ten miles in 56 minutes, leaping 100 leaps. Dublin paper.

Pastimes on the Stock Exchange.—The first impression of a stranger on entering the Stock-Exchange, were he not previously otherwise informed, would naturally be, that instead of being met to transact important business, they had assembled for the express purpose of having a little fun and frolic together. You not only hear them uttering all sorts of sounds, some of which partake a good deal of the zoological character, but you see a large portion of them playing all manner of tricks at each other's expense. One of the most approved of these tricks, if we are to judge from the extent to which it is practised, is that of knocking one's hat over one's eyes. This pastime, I believe, they call "eclipsing," or "bonnetting." If the hat only goes down so far as not to prevent altogether the use of one's luminaries, it is, I presume called a partial eclipse; but when the application of one's hand to the crown of the hat is given with such vigor as to force it down over the optics of the party who chances to be at the time the person played on, it is called a total eclipse. How far it can be so called with propriety, is at least a debateable point; for I have been assured by those who have undergone the somewhat unpleasant experiment of eclipsing, that if they saw nothing else, the severity and suddenness of "the whack," to use Stock Exchange phraseology, has made them see stars innumerable. How many crowns of "best beavers" have been so completely "knocked in," as to render the hats ever afterwards unwearable, by means of the process of eclipsing, is, I suspect, a question which the most skilful calculator in the House would not undertake to decide. The cases from first to last of the destruction of hats in this way, must be innumerable; but the ingenuity of some of the Members has discovered other means of assisting the hatters, where the eclipsing plan fails of effect. The Members in question are remarkably expert at knocking the hats of other Members off their heads altogether, and then kicking them about the floor until they are shattered to pieces. So marked, indeed, are the hat-destroying propensities of some of the Members, that a stranger would come away with the impression that they were in the pay of the leading City hat manufacturers.—Query.—Are they so? The Great Metropolis—Second Series.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1837.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

A New Yorker, well known on the turf, writes us to the following effect from Huntsville, Ala.:—

"I leave this beautiful plase in a day or two for Kentucky. On my way here from St. Louis, I stopped at Nashville, where they have a great number of fine horses. Mr. ALDERSON introduced me to *Margrave*, a strong, well made horse; I like him much. This section of the Union is emphatically 'the race-horse region.' I was at Col. ELLIOTT'S, in Sumner County, Tenn., the other day, where I saw *Leviathan* and *Lapdog*, and a great number of their colts. The Leviathans are generally large and muscular, and make capital sweepstake colts; for one or two miles they are almost invincible; they command high prices, and sell readily.

"Since I have been here I have visited Mr. BOARDMAN'S splendid breeding establishment at the Mills, where I saw *Consol* and *Berner's Comus*. Consol has improved very much since he landed at New York; his colts are of fine size, with plenty of bone and muscle, and very handsome. I was agreeably and very much disappointed in Berner's Comus, who is as highly finished a specimen of the blood horse as I ever saw. Mr. Boardman has a great number of young things, from 3 yr. old down to sucklings, both native and imported, and is daily expecting the arrival of a fresh importation."

Col. YOUNG announces that the Milledgeville (Ga.) Fall Races will commence on the 1st Tuesday in November, and continue throughout the week. The gallant Colonel extends a cordial invitation to "the cracks" of the adjacent States.

Two or three *on dits* have reached us relative to the establishment of two new race tracks near this city—one within a mile, and the other about four miles distant. Both are commenced. An announcement that we shall feel at liberty to make in a week or two, relative to one of the oldest and most celebrated of the Northern Courses, will excite a still deeper interest in the sporting world.

Miss Medley was purchased of Col. T. B. HOWARD of Ga., by Col. JOHN BLEVINS, of Huntsville, Ala. She is intended to "show" on the 4 mile day, for the $3000 purse, offered by the New Orleans J. C. at their meeting in Dec. A Northern turfman now in Ala., writes us that "every horse in that region equal to 4 miles in 8:00 is also going. Capt. OLIVER, the proprietor, thinks at least *thirty* 4 milers will be in attendance. Col. Blevins, the purchaser of Miss Medley, sold *John Bascombe* and *Bill Austin* to Col. CROWELL. He bought them of his father-in-law, JOHN CONALLY, Esq., who resides about four miles north of Huntsville. Mr. Conally is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and was the first person that ever rolled a wagon-wheel in North Alabama, and his eldest daughter, (the accomplished lady of Col. B.) was the first white child born there. Mr. C. has a large breeding stud, consisting of ten 3 yr. olds, ten 2 yr. olds, and a dozen yearlings, all from choice mares. He has a brother and sister of Bascombe and Bill Austin, and is now breeding from *Consol* and *Berner's Comus*."

The Long Island bred stock advertised in this paper as for sale in Kentucky, we hear has been nearly all sold at fair prices. The fine Eclipse brood mare, *Lady Tompkins*, out of Katy Ann, by Ogle's Oscar, headed the list. She is nearly allied to the Long Island crack, *Dosoris*, and other distinguished horses of the day, her dam being out of Young Maid of the Oaks, the dam of *Medoc*, and grandam of *Goliah*. Dosoris and Goliah are half brothers, the first being by Henry, and the latter by Eclipse. Lady T. was bred by the lamented Alderman PURDY, (the rider of Eclipse,) but never trained, owing to her having the distemper badly when young. Her own brother, however, trained by Mr. P., won all his races, until being rode in a trial without a martingal, he bolted, and nearly killed himself and rider by running against a tree.

The Georgia and South Carolina turfmen are said to be mustering and disciplining their forces, preparatory to an invasion of the *Orleanois*, and their Allies from Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. Most of their stables have been taken up, and some of our friends among the knowing ones in the several States have volunteered to "show up the hands" "held" by many of those who are under marching orders. In our opinion, the stables owned in the two States first named will find customers enough at home, without journeying to Louisiana. Our correspondents write us from Milledgeville, Charleston, Augusta, Columbia, Macon, and Columbus, that the campaign will open with more spirit and force than ever. Sweepstakes are filling up everywhere, and the prospects of first rate sport are cheering in the extreme. It is expected, too, that a respectable deputation from the stables of the Old Dominion will be in attendance, while Alabama will be there to "charge with all her chivalry." What they may expect to meet may be gathered from the annexed letter from a friend, who has been recently enjoying the elegant hospitality of an eminent turfman of South Carolina, in the person of one of her most distinguished sons:—

"Your friend Col. HAMPTON has taken up his horses; his stable will consist of Lath, Charlotte Russe, Kitty Heth, and Milwaulkie, all 4 yr. olds, and Monarch, Emily, and Lily, 3 yrs. old. They are all looking uncommonly well. *Charlotte Russe* has grown and spread very much. She is smaller than *Trifle*, not cast in as handsome a mould, but is nevertheless strikingly like her sister, and in more respects than one. I think Bascombe, in his best day, could not make her run a yard after going half a mile; in two miles he certainly could not, as you would allow could you see her in a trial, maugre 'the love you bear to Cæsar.' She has not been tried in public over two miles, but she cannot tire: her action is too easy to fatigue her. Her style of going is very like Bascombe's—not so wide behind, but the same easy, light, and airy action. STUART, the trainer, thinks *Lath* the best one in the string, but the Colonel thinks not. I 'like him mainly,' as Fanny Kemble says; he is nothing but a good one, and can go the distance. He was started last winter at Charleston so much amiss, that Col. H. remarked to me the other day with a laugh, that 'but for some little popularity in that city, he should have been put into the Lunatic Asylum for running him there in his feeble condition!' He will redeem his reputation this Fall. *Kitty Heth* is a very smart nag; she is very compact, and heavily muscled—too much so for my taste; she is fast, however, and sticks to it well. *Millwaulkie* was bred in Kentucky—by Bertrand, out of Rowena, by Sumter. She won all her engagements at 3 yrs. old; Stuart bought her and sent her to Col. H. last Fall, but did not train her in consequence of being distempered. She is a filly of some promise. Of the 3 yr. olds in this splendid stud, little is known, but of the Imp. *Emilius* filly 'the stable' have the greatest expectations. *Monarch*, (by Priam,) also imported, is too large to expect much from in his 3 yr. old form, and so is the imported Priam filly, which, by the by, Col. H. has presented to his brother-in-law, Mr. PRESTON."

A friend writes from Richmond, under date of 13th July, giving us an account of a *Trotting Match*, that came off over the Fairfield Course that day. He says:—

"I drove over from Petersburg this morning, and found the town perfectly deserted—all gone to Fairfield to see the trotting match between Mr. MASON'S b. m. *Lady Duffie*, of Petersburg, and Mr. BROWN'S s. m. of Fredericksburgh.—Those who felt the pressure of the town found it a relief to be absent, and those who did not feel the pressure, were obliged to go for the sake of company.

The match was for $2000 a-side, mile heats, in harness. The nags came to the track at 4 P. M., appearing to be in good condition. Mason's mare was driven by *George Spicer*, of Long Island, and Brown's by a man of the name of *Shilock*. Four or five false starts were made. It seemed the intention of Spicer to worry the sorrel. After several pull ins by both, they came to the scratch together, and the word was given. The sorrel soon took the lead, and kept it the whole way, gaining every step, although Spicer gave the timber freely. The sorrel came in 50 yards ahead, doing it, by the judges, in 3:08. Neither before or after this heat was there any body to back Mason's mare on any terms, and 2 and 3 to 1 was freely offered on the Sorrel; after breathing they were put to, and again made 3 or 4 false starts, but at length got off. The Sorrel again took the lead, and kept it, coming in about 75 yards ahead. Time, 3:01. The knowing ones were dished completely."

We have received from a distinguished Carolina turfman a programme of the ensuing Jockey Club meeting at Charleston, with a few suggestions that it would give us great pleasure to see adopted:—

"We have very good prospects of sport next Fall. I wish much Mr. STEVENS would bring out his splendid string of horses, to our Charleston meeting at least. In the fine steam packets which we now have, would there be much risk in doing so? Would his horses not be better prepared for your Spring races after being trained all the winter here, than to remain frozen up four months at home?

"HAMMOND, you know, says, 'the long train can beat the short the world over.' In this he is partly right. If the difficulty of transportation could be overcome, (and I know of no one so likely to surmount it as Mr. Stevens,) I am confident your Northern horses would run better in the Spring *at home*, after running a few races *here* in Winter. It would afford us very great gratification to see our Northern friends here, with or without horses; the pleasure would be greatly enhanced, however, if they would bring a string of horses with them. We will try to beat them, but still more would we try, to make their time pass agreeably, and should they remove the 'deposites,' we will part with 'our better currency' without a murmur.

We shall, I hope, have a splendid meeting at Charleston,—a sweepstakes, 11 subs., $300 entrance, $100 ft., already paid, to be invested in plate. A Citizens' purse, $1500, 3 mile heats, and the Tattersall Whip, which we hope to make a good thing, a single dash of 4 miles, besides the regular Jockey Club purses of 4, 3, and 2 mile heats, and the handicap, 3 mile heats. Our purses are good: 4 mile day, $1000, 3 mile day, $700, 2 mile day, $500, and the handicap usually about $600. The magnitude of the purses, however, forms but a small part of the attractions of this meeting. On this course only are races conducted as they were wont to be in olden times, supported by Carolina's bravest and best sons, countenanced by her fairest and loveliest daughters. This gallant little State made a noble stand to preserve the constitution; had she been supported by the Empire State, your metropolis would not now be wrapt in sackcloth and ashes. Her own institutions she has upheld, and it is a proud feather in her cap, that her Jockey Club stands alone in the Union, pre-eminent in point of *respectability* of its members. The race course is owned by the Club, who are incorporated by the Legislature, and who are becoming a wealthy society. Gambling on the course is not permitted, and during the presence of the Club on the ground, the utmost decorum is maintained. If none of your friends will accompany you, you must come alone and see our meeting, and on your way home taking my house in your way. I will shew you some good fellows, 'Union' men and 'Nullifiers,' and some good horses, all, I hope, of the latter 'sort.'"

It will be seen from a letter in another column, that Mr. STRATTON'S new *Stud Book* is not to appear until about September. Gentlemen who will forward to us the Pedigrees of their stock, can have them inserted at any time in the Spirit of the Times, and they will be transferred to the Stud Book from this paper, if sent us before the 25th of August.

"The North Alabama Association have a very fine track at Huntsville," writes an occasional correspondent, who adds, in speaking of the great number of enterprising breeders in that section of the State, that "they calculate to furnish all this part of the world with winners." We shouldn't wonder!

A Kentucky turfman, who has been journeying through Tennessee and Alabama, lately writes:—

"I cannot purchase at private sale any of the late Gen. MABRY'S racing stock, or I would have carried off *Lilac*, *Mary Queen of Scots*, and *Hugh L. White*. They will probably be sold at auction at Nashville about the 1st of Oct. I regret not to have seen JAMES JACKSON, Esq., at Florence, Ala. I expect he has got the best 3 yr. old filly, for one mile, there is on earth. She was got by Leviathan, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet. I am credibly informed she can run a mile with her shoes on in 1:49! I offered Col. ELLIOTT, of Gallatin, Tenn., $2000 for her brother, now two yrs. old, but he wouldn't look at it."

We have been desired by several gentlemen to suggest to Colonels BINGAMAN and CLAIBORNE, of Mississippi, the feasibility of their changing the match between *Angora* and *Rodolph* to a sweepstakes, and making a national affair of it—to come off at the course most central to all the subscribers. We have no doubt *Charlotte Russe*, of S. C., *Mary Blunt*, of Va., *Langford*, of N. J., *Dosoris* of Long Island, and perhaps some others, would be put in nomination. Two of the above are ready to go in at once. If the subscribers would agree to run over the Union Course, on condition that four nominations were made by the North, they would be procured. With eight or ten entries, at $5000 each, or the value of 500 bales of cotton, it would be a most splendid affair, and we earnestly commend it to the attention of our Mississippi friends.

Rowton's colts in England, as well as in this country, are of remarkable promise. At the late annual sale of yearlings at Hampton Court, it will be seen that one of his colts, out of Nanine, the dam of Glaucus, brought 150 guineas more than anything in the list, and nearly $1500 above the average prices of the lot. A Georgia turfman writes us from Macon to this effect:—

"Rowton stands exceedingly high in this section of the country; his colts are of immense promise. I have a filly by him, out of *Kitty Fisher*, the own sister of *Pilot* and *Charles Kemble*, that is thought to be one of the finest ever seen in Georgia. She is now but three months old, and I have refused Eight Hundred Dollars for her."

A South Carolina Breeder writes as follows:—

"Rowton has closed his season, having served about 100. His colts that I have seen are generally handsome, very strongly and compactly formed, with uncommon fine action."

Oxford (N. C.) *Races.*—A report was published of the Spring meeting in this paper of 27th of May, in which were two omissions, that are now supplied by a correspondent:—Mr. DAVID MCDANIEL'S ch. h. *Red Wasp*, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 5 yrs., won the purse of $200, two mile heats, beating a strong field. Mr. Townes' Luzborough filly won the 1st heat in 3:55, and Red Wasp the 2d and 3d in 3:55—4:01. The *name* of the winner in the original report was omitted, though it was perfect in all other respects. *Pioneer*, the winner of the Jockey Club purse, three mile heats, also belonged to Mr. McDaniel. He is a bay, 5 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, and *not* Virginian, as was reported. He won easily in two straight heats in 5:57—6:01.

Pacing and Trotting matches are increasing in popularity throughout the country. The last Cincinnati Republican contains the following advertisement, and similar ones daily meet our eye in our exchange papers:—

PACING AND TROTTING MATCHES AT CARTHAGE TRACK, ON SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1837.—1st purse comes off at 12 o'clock, under the saddle, carrying catches, one mile and repeat, for a Silver Cup and subscription, with the entrance ($20) added. Free for all pacing horses in the Union.

Second purse comes off at 3½ o'clock, under the saddle, carrying catches; one mile, best 3 in 5, for a Silver Cup and subscription, with the entrance ($20) added. Free for all trotting horses in the Union.

The amount of each purse is expected to be about $250. The following horses are already entered:—

PACERS.—J. Stout's h. George; S. Bohannon's m. Ann Merritt; G. Crain's h. Hiram; T. Hamer's m. The Nun.

TROTTERS.—R. Crain's m. *Jean*; G. Gilmore's m. *Honey Cooler*; J. P. Merritt's h. *Deaf Burke*.

Maj. WILLIAM AINSWORTH, of Madisonville, Tenn. publishes a card in the Knoxville Register, that "takes the rag off" from any thing of the kind we have seen lately. Here it is:—

A BANTER TO SPORTING GENTLEMEN OF THE TURF.—My Stud Horse *Traveller*, can beat any covering horse, stallion, mare or gelding, in the United States, four mile heats, for one thousand dollars, (one half forfeit) over the Bean Station track, in Grainger county, East Tennessee, at the time of the meeting of the Jockey Club, at that place next fall. One year to be deducted from the age of each horse, that has stood as a covering horse, and served twenty-five mares the season. In all other respects, the rules and regulations of the Nashville Jockey Club, to govern the race. WM. AINSWORTH.

N. B.—One word to *Barney O'Lin*.—He is no race horse, and as a proof, that I believe what I say, I can beat him any distance, and he can set the pegs himself, and *Traveller* can beat him one quarter of a mile, in four mile heats, agreeable to the rules of the turf, for any amount over $200. W. A.

Col. STONE, the editor of the Commercial, made one of a distinguished party, that made a delightful trip down to the Narrows last Tuesday, in company with the officers who have just completed the survey of this harbor. He thus speaks of the superb yacht of Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS, a gentleman as favorably known on the water as upon the turf:

In the course of our voyage, a rakish-looking craft was observed playing on and off, running either way, and in all directions, in obedience to her helm, with the speed of an arrow. She finally shot down into the horse-shoe and came to anchor. Lest there might be decoys, or pirates on the coast, the steamer bore down and hailed her, when she proved to be the beautiful yacht of the Messrs. Stevenses, who were all on board, with a party of ladies. An invitation to dine on board of the steamer having been politely declined, the latter bore away for Amboy, and thence through the kills to New York.

Some gentleman laboring under an attack of *cacoethes scribendi*, has sent us a letter, (for which he paid *one dollar* postage,) from Columbia, S. C., dated "Turkey Point, near the College, July, 1837," and signed "O. B. N." It is written on a sheet of such mastadon size, that the Declaration of Independence, written in one corner in a hand as bold as John Hancock's or Ben Franklin's, would be a mere circumstance! We can't think of printing it, a great many things in it being too good for the Spirit of the Times. We have thought of sending it to London to Mr. D'Israeli, as that gentleman is about publishing a new edition of the "Curiosities of Literature." The communication commences in a style quite complimentary to "the Spirit" generally, and to the editor individually. The writer then tells a good story or two, and has considerable to say relative to sporting affairs, a paragraph of which we quote:—

"By the way how is it, that you New Yorkers are so (I wont say selfish, but) exclusive in your sport; with us, "you will neither suckle nor hold the child"—neither send your horses nor come yourselves. Matches if run at all must be run north of Dixon's Line; this is not the way to keep up sport. Our purses if not so large, we buck up in the genuine stuff. Besides we think we have some crack nags and are willing to back them. Now I propose through your paper four matches, 1, 2, 3 and 4 mile heats, for $5,000 each, and as many after as you choose "in broken dozes." What say you? One match at Columbia, one at Augusta, and two in Charleston. If you or your turfmen will say yes, we will come to particulars, as the girl said when she was going to get married."

O. B. N's" offers come "in such a questionable shape" that we cannot give them entire credence, though we do not doubt the readiness of the Carolina turfmen to make these matches to be run *there*. The same offers will be made them by the North to run on Long Island, and a little odds given besides. Perhaps we shall astonish our readers one of these days with an extra of sixteen pages; if ever we should, and conclude to publish the letter of "O. B. N.", we have copy enough already.

BOAT RACING

Has become a matter of such daily occurrence as not to excite any extraordinary interest. Nearly every day this week, a match has come off in the bay, opposite Castle Garden, one or two of which are specially deserving of notice. On Monday afternoon a well-contested match came off between the *Pioneer* of Whitehall, and the *Forget-me-not* of Fulton Market, for $200 a-side, two oars each. An immense crowd was congregated upon the Battery, while the parapet of Castle Garden, and every elevated point was thronged with spectators, among which great numbers of "the ladies fair that grace this famous city" were conspicuous. The start was from Castle Garden, and the Boats had to row round a staked boat and return to the Garden, a distance of about 3 miles. The Pioneer came in first, by about 200 yards, performing the distance in 19:42 [the Judge's time, who gave it to us], and adding another victory to the many already obtained by the boats of Whitehall.

On Wednesday afternoon came off a match between the *Glide* and *Lady Washington*, for $200 aside. They started about 5 o'clock from Castle Garden, around a boat moored between Gibbet and Ellis's Island—distance, about three miles—time, 22 minutes 30 sec.—the Glide coming in ahead about three lengths. The Glide was rowed by William Roberts, Henry Roberts, and Stephen Roberts coxswain—Lady Washington, by Harman White, David Weed, and Thos. H. Ferris coxswain. Castle Garden and the Battery were crowded with thousands.

The Poughkeepsie folks are determined to have a *Regatta* there on the 11th August, which shall take the conceit out of the Newburgers and New Yorkers. All boats belonging to regularly organised amateur clubs, will be admitted to contend for three prizes, the first $200, the second $100, and the third $50. Each boat to be rowed by the members of the club to which she belongs. Distance five miles.

The Buffalo Journal says that city is so healthy, that the doctors have nothing to do—and seven of them were seen together on the pier fishing.

The editor of the Newburg Journal is said to be so handsome, that he is forced to carry a club to keep the women off! "My eyes!"

CROW-NOLOGY.—It is said that there have been 40 cart loads of crows killed in Connecticut in three years.

We would not give one of our up river "boat rides" in the good "Steamer Herald," for all Nahant. Lowell Courier.

Your "Steamer Herald," indeed! Its engine is not big enough to tow a cod-fish from Nahant to Egg Rock. Talk about steamers in your little country village! Come to Boston, and we'll show you one that will out paddle the sea serpent. Boston Times.

The Bostonians are quarrelling with their Mayor for removing the curb stones from a little puddle of water on the Common. Portlander.

A Fly is reported to have been drowned in that "little puddle of water," Casco Bay, and the Portlanders are to wear crape for 30 days.

Chasing Fish in Florida.—A late letter from thence to the National Intelligencer says:—It will give you some idea of the abundance of fish to relate a dialogue held by a messmate with an Indian woman whom he saw, apparently without any purpose, walking towards the beach. "Where are you going, Sally?" "Going to catch fish." "What are you going to catch them with?" "Nothing; going to chase 'em out." Absolutely going to drive them out! and so I have done frequently.

THE DIRT CART MEN.—On Saturday the newly appointed marshals made several other astounding discoveries. They ascertained by actual admeasurment that the tail board of a cart owned by a poor negro was actually an inch too short. They took him into the police office, and of course he was done for. These gentry have proved themselves so sharp sighted that it is thought they will be sent on the Exploring expedition to take the altitude of the South Pole.—If it should happen to be an inch too short, the people in those parts must beware. Times.

IMPORTANT.—In the catalogue of a learned bookseller, Rue St. Honore, Paris, there is inserted, under the head "Agriculture," a Treatise on *Irish Bulls*, by Miss Edgeworth.

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONEER GONE!—Married on the 12th inst. after a courtship of *two* hours, by 'Squire McGuire, Mr. John Wilson, a Revolutionary soldier, aged about 85, to Miss Alsey Rockmore, rising 18—both of Bib. Southern paper.

If the hymenial pair had not been "*both of bib*," we should still have had little doubt of their fitness for the nursery. Although the damsel has changed her name from Miss A. Rockmore into *Mrs.* J. Wilson, we doubt whether she will ever have occasion to *rock more* than she already has, or to reply to the importunities of any little male responsibility, "*I will, son!*" Courier and Enq.

The Boston Investigator cavils at our use of the phrase, "heaven only knows," and says it is at a loss to know what is meant by heaven—we fear that *experience* will never supply it with the information necessary for a full understanding of the term. Boston Post.

H. J. Finn, Esq. the comedian, has accepted the invitation of the "Young Men's Society for meliorating the condition of the Indians," to deliver their annual address. This society is established at Boston. What can't Finn do when he takes a notion? N. O. Picayune.

He can't find where the Society dined. Boston Post.

Honor among Thieves.—A gentleman was at the theatre in Paris, one evening, with a friend. Toward the close of the performance, seeing a corner of his friend's handkerchief projecting from the pocket, he drew it out gently and cautiously, and thrust it into his own pocket, intending to amuse himself a while with the owner's vexation when the loss should be discovered. At the same moment a snuff-box was slipped into his hand, by a well dressed personage sitting behind him, and a voice whispered in his ear, "I beg pardon, sir—I did not know you belonged to the profession, or I would not have picked your pocket. It is against my rule to practise on a brother." The snuff-box was his own—and he was generous enough to give his professional brother a hint that he had better go away, lest he should be recognized by some of the policemen.

[Commercia

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) SPRING RACES.

Who would have thought of there being two race tracks at this single city of Missouri? Yet so there is, and "thereby hangs a tale." Last week we published a report of the spring meeting held upon what we presumed was the *new Sulphur Spring* course, instead of which we should have said the *old St. Louis* course. We had heard so much of the beautiful new course, and its fine Club with J. F. A. SANDFORD, Esq. at its head, that it never occurred to us, the other was not yet laid out in lots of 25 by 100 and sold for thousands of dollars each as an immense quantity of real estate has been in this flourishing city of the west. The races on the new Sulphur Spring course took place the week folbwing those on the old track. A turfman present has sent us the official report annexed:—

Sulphur Spring Course Races, St. Louis, Mo.

TUESDAY, May 23, 1837.—Post Stake for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6 118, and aged 124lbs., with the usual allowance of 3lbs to m.'s and g.'s. Sub. $100 each. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Dr E. A. Darcy's b. h. *Lancer*, by Lance, d. Lady Forrest, by Tormentor, 5 yrs	2	1	1	1
P. C. Bush's br. c. *Tom Branch*, by Star, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3	3	2	2
Jos. C. F. Randolph's b. h. *Triumval*, by Pacemaker, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs	1	2	3	3
Payne & Sandford's b. h. *Sir Harry*, by Eclipse, dam *by* [1] Grasshopper, aged	4	4	dis	

Time, 1.57—1.54—1.56—1.55. Track new and rather heavy.

WEDNESDAY, May 24.—Purse $300, ent. $30, weights as before, Two mile heats.

Jon Frost's ch. h. *Enterprise*, by John Richards, dam by Don Quixotte, 6 yrs	1	1
P. C. Bush's ch. c. *David H. Branch*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	2
Mr Calvert's ch. c. *Franklin*, by Bertraud, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs	3	dis
Jas. B. Clay's ch. h. by Hephestion, dam by Pacolet, — yrs	4	dis
Dr E. A. Darcy's b. f. *Risible*, by Barrister, out of Nettletop, 3 yrs		dis

Time, 4:20—4:22. Track very heavy, owing to a severe shower.

THURSDAY, May 25.—*St. Louis Plate*, value $400, weights as before, Three mile heats.

Dr E. A. Darcy's b. h. *Sidney*, by Sir Charles, dam by Rattler, aged	1	1
Jos. C. F. Randolph's b. m. *Kitty Cruiser*, by John Richards, dam by Sir Solomon, 6 y	2	dr

Time, 6:49. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, May 26.—Purse $500. Ent. $50. Wts. as before. Four mile heats.

Jon Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	1	1
Jon Graham's b. f. *Miss Pink*, by Sussex, dam by Telegraph, 4 yrs	2	2
Dr E. A. Darcy's b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, aged	3	3

Time, 9:05—9:06. Track very heavy. Entirely out of condition.

SAME DAY, *Second Race*.—Purse $100. Ent. ($20) added to it. Mile heats.

Philo C. Bush's ch. c. *David H. Branch*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	1
Mr. Calvert's ch. c. *Franklin*, (pedigree above,) 4 yrs	2	2
Jon Frost's ch. g. *Clothhopper*, by Flagellator, dam by Cockfighter, 5 yrs	3	dr

Time, 1:57—1:55.

CHARLES W. MCCLANAHAN. *Sec'y.*

LYNCHBURG (Va.) SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, May 16, 1837.—Sweepstakes for untried 4 yr. olds. Colts 100 lbs., fillies 97 lbs. Sub. $25 each. Mile heats.

Isaac H. Oliver's ch. f. *Humming Bird*, by Lance, dam omitted	1	1
Wm. A. Goode's b. f. *Martha Archy*, by Rinaldo, dam by Florizel	2	2
Merrit Talbott's ch. f. *Mary Johnson*, by Sir Charles, dam by Whip	3	3

Time, 1:59—2:08.

SAME DAY, *Second Race*.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Colts 86 lbs. fillies 83 lbs. Sub. $50 each. Mile heats.

Merrit Talbott's b. c. by Red Fox	1	1
Isaac H. Oliver's g. c. by Mercury	2	2
Dr. H. Rose's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Virginian	3	'

No time kept. ' Dr. Rose's colt fell, and was distanced of course, or it is likely he would have won the race.

WEDNESDAY, May 17.—Proprietor's Purse $200. Ent. $15. 3 yr. olds carrying 86 lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged, 124 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. Two mile heats.

Isaac H. Oliver's ch. f. *Humming Bird*, by Lance, 4 yrs	2	1	1
William A. Goode's *Martha Archy*, by Rinaldo, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.	3	2	2
Melville Talbott's b. m. *Woodlark*, by Randolph's Roanoke, aged	1	dr	
Merrit Talbott's b. c. by Red Fox, 3 yrs	dr		

Time, 4:14—4:10—4.15. This was a very interesting heat, and closely contested to the last jump.

THURSDAY, May 18.—Proprietor's Purse $200. Ent. $15. Two mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' ch. c. *Volney*, by Monsieur Tonson, 4 yrs	1	1
Isaac H. Oliver's gr. h. *Arthur Taylor*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs	2	2
Merrit Talbott's *Mary Johnson*, pedigree above		dis

Time, 4:10—4:13.

FRIDAY, May 19.—Jockey Club Purse $400. Ent. $20. Three mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' ch. f. *Maria Smith*, by Leviathan, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs	1	1
William A. Goode's m. *Sally Woods*, by Moloch, dam by Bryan O'Lynn, 5 yrs	2	2
Paschal Buford's f. *Ruth Severe*, by Star, dam by Wild Medley, 4 yrs		dis

Time, 6.37—6:20.

HAYMARKET (Va.) SPRING RACES

Are scandalously reported by somebody in the Turf Register. The contending horses are of too little note, probably, to induce the Secretary to make a decent report. We have undertaken to lick it into shape somewhat.

TUESDAY, May 23, 1837.—Sweepstakes for all ages. 3 yr. olds carrying 86 lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged, 124 lbs., with the usual allowance of 3 lbs. to mares and geldings. Six subscribers, at $100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

S. Lewis's ch. m. by Gohanna, 5 yrs	4	1	1	1
S. Renoe's b. g. by Black Warrior, dam by Clifton, 6 yrs	3	1	2	2
A. Hickerson's ch. f. by Restless, dam full sister to Enciero's dam, 4 yrs	2	2	0	0
Wm. B. Tyler's, ch. c. by Adams' Marcellus, dam by Rasselas, 4 yrs	1	3	0	0

Time, 4:00—4:14—4:16—4:20. Track twenty-five yards over a mile.

WEDNESDAY, May 24.—Purse $100. Weights as before. Mile heats.

Robert Williams' ch. h. by Paul Jones, 5 yrs	1	2	1
T. H. Foulke's b. g. by Macedonian, 4 yrs	2	1	2

THURSDAY, May 25.—Purse $200. Three mile heats.

Mr. Hansborough's b. h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Ratler, 6 yrs	1	1
S. Renoe's b. g. by Black Warrior, 6 yrs	4	2
A. Hickerson's b. g. *Sybrant*, by Lafayette	3	3
S. Lewis's ch. m. by Gohanna, 5 yrs	5	4
S. Welsh's b. g. by Carolinian, 4 yrs	2	dis
R. B. Tyler's ch. f. by Timoleon, 4 yrs		dis

Track so heavy that the Judges deemed it useless to keep the time.

CHILLICOTHE (Ohio.) SPRING RACES.

The Secretary signs the following report, or we should have suspected it to be a spurious one, owing to the weights that are given. It is compiled from one in the Turf Register.

TUESDAY, May 10, 1837—Purse $100, free for all colts foaled and raised in Ohio. Mile heats.

Jacob May's b. f. *Victoress*, by Victor, dam by Hotspur, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	2	1
John McNeil, Jr.'s ch. c. *Hardheart*, by Sir Charles, dam by Walnut, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	1	di
John Davis's bl. c. *Jemmy*, by Tariff, dam a Democrat mare, 3 yrs. 83 lbs		dis
Armistead Duggett's b. c. *Jawbone*, by Bertrand, dam a Whistle mare, 3 yrs. 93 lbs.		dis
Andrew Work's br. c. *Sambo*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 86 lbs		dis

Time, 2:12—2:20. Track very deep.

WEDNESDAY, May 11.—Purse $100. Three mile heats.

Charles Beale's b. f. *Bay Ironette*, by Tariff, dam by Superior, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	2	1
Harrison Waller's ch. m. *Kate Plowden*, by Kosciusko, dam by Whip, 6 yrs. 115 lb	2	1	2
Wm. M. Anderson's gr. c. *Surveyor*, by Tariff, d. McComb's Arabian, 4 y. 102 lbs	dis		

Time, 6:44—7.00—7:09.

The track in the worst possible condition, being covered with water and deep mud. In this race Ironette took the lead, and was never lapped in the first heat, winning it cleverly without being pushed. Both appeared to come off fine, and large odds offered on Ironette's winning the race, no one willing to risk anything on Kate, although she was known to be a good one, and the favorite before starting.

Second heat both came to the stand eager for the contest at the word. Both got off well. Ironette taking the lead at a killing pace, showing a disposition to maintain the reputation acquired in the first heat, keeping the lead until they came into the last quarter str. tch, when Kate knowing everything depended on the struggle for home, made a prodigious effort, and passed Ironetta, winning the heat by a few yards. Bets now ranged freely on Kate's winning the race, as she was known to possess excellent bottom, but few backers of Ironette, being the first three mile race she ever started in.

Third heat, at the word both started nearly abreast, Ironette taking the track at the first turn, and keeping it during the heat. Kate all the time making hard play, but was unable to lap her. Ironette winning by about a length. Surveyor had only been in hand about four weeks, during which time he has been broken and trained; in running the two first miles did great credit to himself, his sire, and dam. Mr. Work, his trainer, deserved his share of fame for the manner in which Surveyor has been broke and trained in so short a time.

This race is considered by judges to be the best race ever made on this course, as to time; all things considered, it is excellent—it could have been made a minute sooner each heat on a dry course.

THURSDAY, May 12.—Purse $100. Two mile heats.

Harrison Waller's b. c. *Metamora*, by Stockholder, dam by Janus, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2	1	1
John Rowe's b. c. *Neosho*, by Tariff, dam by Highlander, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	2	2
Andrew Work's b. c. *Compass*, by Bohemoth, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 91 lbs	3	dis	
Moses Parmulee's b. m. *Lady Relief*, by Napoleon, dam by Walnut, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	dis		

Time, 4.36—1:28—4:36. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, May 13.—Purse $100. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Armistead Doggett's ch. h. *Tiptop*, by Regulus, 6 yrs. 115 lbs	1	2	1	1
John Davis's bl. c. *Jemmy*, by Tariff, dam a Democrat mare, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	3	1	2	dis
Moses Parmulee's b. m. *Lady Relief*, by Napoleon d. by Walnut, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	2	3	3	dr
Andrew Work's b. c. *Rifle*, by Tariff, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	dis			

Time, 2:01—2:07—2:12—2:20. Track heavy.

When the horses were brought to the stand the last heat, at the tap of the drum Jemmy did not get off until Tiptop had run nearly a hundred yards, consequently was distanced.

SECOND RACE, *Same day*.—Parse $60. Free only for horses which have not won a race at this meeting. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John Rowe's b. c. *Neosho*, by Tariff, dam by Highlander, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	3	1	1
A. C. McArthur's gr. c. *Surveyor*, by Tariff, dam by McComb's Arabian, 4 y. 102 lb	2	2	2
John T. Weble's b. f. *Big Dinale*, by Shakspeare, dam by Columbus, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	dis	

Time, 2:10—2:11—2:12.

Surveyor not winning a heat in three, could not start again, but proved himself a good colt although in bad order. J. S. BURNAM, *Sec'y.*

CYNTHIANA (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

The annexed report we compile from one in the Turf Register. The weights are "cautionary."

WEDNESDAY, May 10, 1837.—Purse $100. Two mile heats.

Wm. Palmer's ch. g. *Peter*, by Cherokee, 4 yrs. 87 lbs	1	1
F. S. Coleman's b. h. *Cannibal*, by Muckle John, dam by Oscar	2	2

Time, 4.03—1:01.

THURSDAY, May 11.—Purse, $125, for 3 yr. olds. Mile heats.

Kirby & Palmer's gr. c. *Hardheart*, by Buckelk, dam by Quicksilver	1	1
Joseph Shawhan's b. f. *Betsey Harrison*, by Cherokee, dam by Virginia Whip	2	2
Alex. Miller's b. f. *Betsey Bedlam*, by Cherokee, dam by Wonder	4	3
F. S. Coleman's b. f. *Tuckabatcha*, by Sir Alfred, dam by Sumpter	3	di
Dr. J. N. Menefee's bl. f. *Lady Franklin*, by Imp. Amurath, dam by Virginian	pd. ft.	

Time, 2:03—2:06.

FRIDAY, May 12.—Purse $50. Mile heats.

John Shawhan's ch. f. by Cherokee, dam by Pantaloon	1	1
J. W. M'Intosh's b. f. *Ellen*, by Trumpator, dam Methodist filly, dam of Severe, by Virginia Whip, 4 yrs	2	dis

Time, 2:04.

In making the first turn in the second heat, the Trumpator filly lost her rider, by the stirrup giving way, or the result might have been different.

SATURDAY, May 13.—Purse $150. Mile heats.

Dr. J. N. Menefee's b. c. *Sailor Boy*, by James Cropper, dam by Marshall, 3 y. 75 lbs	1	1
J. W. M'Intosh's b. h. *Anril*, by Imp. Contract, dam by Am. Eclipse, 5 yrs. 103 lbs	2	2
Joseph Shawhan's ch. h *Benjaman Sutton*, by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 4 yrs. 90 lbs	3	3
Wm. Palmer's b. f. *Vanity*, by Traveller, 3 yrs. 75 lbs	4	4
F. S. Coleman's b. h. *Cannibal*, by Muckle John, dam by Oscar	pd. ft.	

Time, 1.53—1.52. J. W. MCINTOSH, *Sec'y.*

PHILADELPHIA TROTTING RACES.

A report of the second Spring Meeting on the Hunting Park Course, appeared in this paper on the 1st July, furnished by the proper officer. It was excessively meagre however, having been drawn off in haste. A correspondent at Baltimore has sent us a full report with a request that we would make room for it. In complying with his request we are bound to mention that the time given in the two reports does not correspond:—

TUESDAY, June 13, 1837.—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses, carrying 147lbs. each. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. Selvage's br. g. *William Penn*, Harvey Richards	1	1	1
Mr. Ashurst's br. m. *Lady Tat*, James Hamele	2	3	2
Mr. Dougherty's gr. g. *Blue Bird*, C. W. Keyser	3	2	3

Time, 2:42—2:42—2:41. Won with great ease, walking over the score the 3d heat.

WEDNESDAY, June 14.—Purse $100, the ent. money added, Two mile heats, in Harness, free for all trotting horses.

George Spicer's gr g. *Washington*, Owner	1	1
F. Chase's br. g. *Henry Clay*, F. Chase	2	2

Time, 5:24—5:31

A beautifully contested race, Washington winning by only six inches.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—Purse $100, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, free only for horses that never won $100.

Mr. Edwards' b. g. *Daniel Webster*, James Hamele	1	1	
Mr. Barnwell's gr. m. *Lady Washington*, Harvey Richards	3	2	
Mr. Shannon's ch. g. *Stannard*, Owner	2	3	
Mr. Brown's b. g *Chuckle Head*, Joseph Howard	dis		

Time, 5:15—5:16.

A well contested race throughout. W. S.

RACES AT NATCHEZ, MISS.

SATURDAY, July 1, 1837.—*Pharsalia Course*.—Stallion Stakes. Three subs. at $1000 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. J. Minor's s. f. *Kitty Cottman*, by Longwaist, out of Fanny Cottman, by Sir Archie, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Howell Hinds') b. c.' by Caswell, out of Lady Eaton, 3 yrs. 86 lb	2	dr

Time, 2:09. Track fetlock deep. ' The colt was drawn lame.

SAME DAY, *Second Race*.—Match, $500 a-side. Mile heats.

Wm. J. Minor's (Col. Hoggatt's) gr. c. by Longwaist, out of Piano, by Pacolet, 3 y. 86 lb	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. by Dungannon, out of Wm. Wallace's dam, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	3	2

Time, 2:05—2.12. Won easily.

A. G. MCNULTY *Prop'r.*

LETTER FROM A TENNESSEE TURFMAN.

STATION CAMP, near Gallatin, July 1, 1837.

Dear Sir—You will doubtless soon be officially informed that the sweepstakes to come off over the Gallatin, Tenn. Course, at the Fall meeting, 1840, two mile heats, for $1000, $250 forfeit, has closed with 23 subscribers. The nominations comprize ten of the get of Imp. Leviathan, three of Imp. Luzborough, three of Imp. Consol, two of Imp. Merman, one of imp. Whale, one of Imp. Chateau Margaux, one of Imp. Priam, and two Bertrands. A more promising lot of colts, if we are to judge from their illustrious ancestry, have never been named for any stake, at least upon these waters. Large expectations are entertained, and due notice is hereby given (if any man will loose his money, why it is not my fault,) of the fourth entry, *Pantanelli*—what a pretty name, but not half so beautiful—no disparagement—as that of the filly by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacolet. We have in this stake entries of the most splendid turfmen in several of the adjacent States. One—and a counter—will be from the Old Dominion.—Several irom Alabama, Mississippi, &c. &c.

There is a blank in four mile racing in Tennessee at this time. While we can beat the world mile and two mile heats, an eight mile horse would carry off all our four mile purses. What can the matter be? P. OF T.

TURF MATTERS IN ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, (Ark.) June 28th, 1837.

DEAR P.,—Our Club met a few days since, and arranged the time, purses, &c. for our Fall meeting. We have five days racing. On the 3 mile day there is an inside stake between b. f. *Charline*, 4 yrs. old, by Pacific, dam by Grey Tail Florizel, and *Sir William*, aged, by Sir William, $2000 a-side, h. ft. The meeting commences on the 1st Tuesday in October next. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

JOHN RINGGOLD, Esq. President. Dr. DANIEL J. CHAPMAN, R. C. HAWKINS, T. T. TUNSTALL, and ANDREW CALDWELL, Vice Presidents. Dr. JAMES E. PELHAM, Treasurer. C. F. M. NOLAND, Rec. and Cor. Sec'y.

I think in all probability we shall have Bill Gordon, Uncas, Metamora, Hard Oak, Dr. Gibson's Leviathan, and Fair Ellen with us. Then there is a lot of Bertrands brought in last Fall, that are going to knock off a perfect Bascombe lick. And Old Bill, Charline, Independence, and Gazelle are known to be troublesome customers, to say nothing of lots of cattle expected from the Missouri. We shall have "'bundance of fun," as friend Gilton would say.

Well, thus far, the Spring campaign has been most brilliant, and it would require an impartial judge after much reflection to say whose brow should be decked with the greenest wreath. I think *Mingo's* 7:47 third heat is about a dot before anything else, though *Lady Clifden* has won imperishable fame. Mary Blunt, African, Miss Phillips, Camsidel, Dec ttur, Dosoris, and a host of others, have won glory enough for one campaign. The South have not been far behind the East—*Angora* and *Arbaces* have made time worthy of Long Island. And some young Leviathans have been cutting it tolerably fat, I tell you, at Florence. There is a *Wren*, full sister to Linnet, that they do say warbles a sweet tune;—1:52—1:57 is not to be sneezed at on a track 72 feet over a mile. *Lauraca*, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, (the dam of Lucetta, Lauderdale, &c.,) won the 2d and 3d heats in 3:56—4:00, and Sarah Bladen, dam Morgiana, (dam of Hibernia.) *won a match easily*, one mile out, in 1:54.

There is no longer a doubt but that we improve the speed of our horses by breeding from the best importations. I think, too, judiciously crossed, they will be improved in game and stoutness. A few years more will fully test the experiment. And when we see the Priams, Rowtons, Glencoes, &c., in the field in their 5 yr. old form, we will be enabled to form correct conclusions.

Mingo, Bonny Black, Atalanta, and the second Trifle, Lady Clifden, are all out of *Rattler* mares.—This is going it. I know a Ratler mare in Virginia that never was trained, that for purity of blood, form, and action, cannot be beat; she has some *bully colts*, a 2 yr. old by Gohanna, *Botanist*, a yearling, by Tranby, *Helen Fawcett*, a suckling, by Zinganee. Stinted to Priam.

They are a sweet lot, if beauty and blood will count. Truly yours, N.

THE NEW AMERICAN STUD BOOK.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 10, 1837.

My Dear Sir—I am under the necessity of again saying that unforseen and unexpected occurrences have delayed the completion of the American Stud Book—at least for a short time. There are already about two hundred and fifty pages completed.

The very many gentlemen who have promised, and have not already sent the pedigrees of their stock, will now (owing to this delay) have an opportunity of doing so if they wish it. Any pedigrees forwarded, so as to reach here by the 25th of August, will be in time, as the work will not be so far advanced until then as to exclude them. Most respectfully,

Your very o'bt. humble servant, W. STRATTON.

LETTERS FROM A PENNSYLVANIA TURFMAN.

PITTSBURG, (Pa.) July 12.

MR. EDITOR—I am no writer, neither do I profess to be, but I am mighty fond of reading your paper. These times are very hard, but the next five dollars I can raise, I will send you for the subscription.

There is a good deal of talk here, about racing, and some bantering—but they cant hold a candle to us down about Lexington, and along shore. We have a horse called *Big John*, that licks up every thing; he thinks nothing of doing his three miles in 5m. 49s. over a slow track. But we have other good ones, and some of them trumps too, that will make him let out another link this fall.

What do you think of the match between *Charlotte Russe and Lady Clifden?* I have not heard the distance they are to run, but I will make you a bet of a dozen of Champaigne the sister to Trifle beats her.

How is *Mingo* since his last race? He is just the sort I like—give me the Eclipses yet.

Poor *Post Boy* has had his day, but he was not easily beaten when in fix. BUCKLEY must have used him up entirely; at all events, he has never been good for anything since he took charge of him.

By the by, how comes on *Hickory John?* and when have you heard from "O'Kelly?" he is rather silent since *Miss Midley's* race at Columbus, and well it is for him, for 7:47 is right hard to beat, and there is no such thing as making her spirited owner "take to the water," who I learn is Col. JOHN BLEVINS of Alabama.

I should be pleased to see you at our races this fall, but I suppose you never get so far from home. MEDOC.

TROTTING RACES AT MANCHESTER, 1837.

The following article relative to *Trotting* in England will be read with interest. The subject is beginning to excite considerable attention there, and though their horses cannot go with ours, it is evident there is no lack of fondness for the sport. It would be a good speculation to take over there two or three of our "regu'ar good ones." *Confidence*, who was sent over last year, must be the best trotting horse in England. Half-a-dozen ordinary trotting nags have been shipped for Liverpool, from this port within the last year.

THE RULES.

In order to avoid disputes, a series of Rules for the Regulation of the Running were drawn up. They appear to be judicious and impartial, and are as follows:

1. The Clerk of the Course and two other respectable gentlemen shall be appointed Umpires, and their decision shall be binding.

2. The choice of places at starting shall be determined by ballot. The horses to proceed 20 yards down the course, and return abreast, trotting at the rate of six miles an hour; and at the word "Go," they shall start.

3. Any horse breaking into a gallop to be instantly pulled up, and trotted on again.

4. If there be any foul play, or galloping past another horse, or not pulling up the instant there is a break, the Jockey so offending shall forfeit £5, and be disqualified from riding again.

It will be seen, that in case a horse should break into a gallop, the animal was to be simply pulled up and started again, instead of being turned round, as has been the custom in ordinary Trotting Matches. It was considered that the mode now prescribed was the fairest, as it gave the horses so checked a chance again in the race.

The Course is 36 yards short of a mile.

The Entry.—Sweepstakes of 10 Sovs. each, with Silver Tea Service value 50 Guineas, and 50 Sovs. added.

Mr. George Smith's b. m. *Kitty*, 10st. 7lbs.
Mr. Woodhalgh's b. m. *Martha*, alias the Rochdale mare, 10st.
Mr. Johnson's b. m. *Fanny*, 11st.
Mr Richardson's br. h. *Alexander*, 11st.
Mr. Taylor's ch. m. *Lady*, alias the Birmingham mare, 10st. 7lbs.

Previous to starting the horses were paraded before the Grand Stand. The Birmingham mare being considered the "Crack," was backed freely against the field at evens. The little mare Kitty had her admirers, as her running at Newton last year was thought not second rate, and she appeared on this occasion in much better condition. Fanny appeared fresh, and her performance on a late match induced her backers to think she had a good chance to win. Alexander had never appeared in public before, but his action was beautiful and his condition first rate. The Rochdale mare had never before contended with so large a field, but her friends were not daunted at the Leviathan from Birmingham. Her pace is a very peculiar one, neither trotting nor galloping but a mixture of both. They all went down the course 20 yards; but first was a false start. The second time all got off well together, with the exception of the Birmingham mare, who stood still, evidently in a bad temper; but as the others were off, she was obliged to go on, the rest heading her 20 yards. She had not gone above 100 yards, when she shook her head and broke. She appeared not to go kindly, or pull at the bit.

Fanny led the way for a quarter of a mile, and then gave place to Alexander, followed by Martha and Kitty, who kept their places until near the first time round, the Birmingham mare at a long distance behind. Kitty now began to move, and collared Alexander, when they broke, but Kitty was first to work again, and got thirty yards ahead of the horse; Fanny and Martha at his heels, but could not maintain the pace. Alexander began to gain ground upon Kitty very fast. When Kitty was within ten yards of the winning post she broke her bridle, and off came the rider. Alexander rushed in, followed by Martha and Fanny. The Birmingham mare was distanced, and not allowed to start again. Time, 5 min. 58 sec.

Second heat.—Martha led off at a rattling pace, bringing her peculiar style of going so much into effect that the "Sentinel" thought it his duty to challenge, "Martha, pull up, that's not fair," but still she persevered. As they say, second thoughts are best, perhaps second looks may be the same, for when he glanced at her fore legs she did trot, but her hind ones were on the gallop, and so she kept at it. At this time the rest of the nags were 100 yards behind, and continued so till within half a mile from home, when Kitty made play, came down the hill at a racing pace, and challenged Martha, when they both broke. Kitty pulled up, the rider of Martha did not do so as quickly as he ought, and in consequence came in premier by 20 yards, Fanny considerably behind, and Alexander distanced. The judges decided this a dead heat, as the rider of Martha did no pull up on the instant. Time, 5 min. 54 sec.

Third heat.—Mr. Jos. Richardson was pilot on Kitty this heat and the next Martha again took the lead, and played away at her old game, varying from gallop to trot, and from trot to gallop, till she had rounded the circle and gone over some ground towards finishing it again. In mounting the hill, Kitty came alongside and gave her the go by; Fanny also passed her. It was now evident Kitty had it all her own way, and went in easy. Time, 5 min. 50 sec.

Fourth heat.—Kitty took the lead, and was never headed. Fanny and Martha followed, and kept their places. Kitty was first by 50 yards. Time, 5 min 45 sec.

We hope these sports will be encouraged; and we understand that for this purpose the Stakes next year will be increased to £300.

Blooded Stock of Bernard Peyton, of Sabot Hall, Goochland Co., Virginia, near Richmond.

1. *Screamer*, ch. m. Spring 1828, out of old Lady Lightfoot, by Henry, (the competitor of New-York Eclipse).

HER PRODUCE.

Anemone, ch. f. by N. York Eclipse, spring 1834, (sold to Col Heth, at a year old).

Acasia, ch. f. by imp. Luzborough, Spring 1835, (entered in the great stake at the Union Course, Long Island, Spring 1838, $1,000 entrance, forty-four subs.), very promising.

Perdicaris, b. c. by imp. Tranby, Spring 1830, failed to Chateau Margaux Spring 1837, and stinted to imp. Priam.

2. *Japonica*, ch. m. Spring 1833, out of the Merino Ewe, by old Timoleon.

HER PRODUCE.

Amaranthus, b. c. by imp. Chateau Margaux, Spring 1837, stinted to imp. Priam.

3. B. m. Spring 1821, sister to Rupert, got by Tom Tough, her dam by Sir Harry, grandam by Spread Eagle; g. grandam King Herod; g. g. grandam by Lindsay's True Arabian; g. g. g. grandam by the first Imp. Oscar, g. g. g. g. grandam by the Imp. horse Vampire, out of Col. Carter Braxton's Imp. mare Kitty Fisher.

HER PRODUCE.

Br. f. by imp. Hedgeford, Spring 1834.
Br. f. by Goliah, Spring 1835.
Chrysolite, b. c. by imp. Tranby, Spring 1836.
Spring 1837, failed to Chateau Margaux, and stinted to imp. Zinganee.
All the above stock for sale, on reasonable terms, except No. 1.
☞The Sporting Magazine will please copy. B. PEYTON.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WAGER.—The following bet has just been made at one of the Clubs, between three sporting characters, well known in the fashionable world, for a considerable sum; which ever of the three gains the most money under the following arrangements to be the winner:—One of the party undertakes to drive a coach for a period of six months to and from any town he may choose to fix upon; the second to perambulate England as a melodist; the third is to perform in tragedy or comedy at any theatre in England, Ireland, or Scotland, he chooses. We have heard that the latter is to make his debut at Brighton.

Morning Post.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

Below is a letter from "*Snooks*," in relation to the editorial conduct of this paper, or rather, in reply to the letter of advice of a Philadelphia subscriber, published recently. Attached to the wafer sealing his communication was a six-pence, underneath which was written in pencil, "A little tizzy to pay postage." The thing was so neatly done by "Snooks," that Uncle Sam was "done" out of the extra postage. The letter contains some sensible ideas, though its style is rather modelled after that of Mr. Snooks himself than Addison's.

New York, June 25th, 1837.

Mr. Editor,—As a subscriber to a *sporting* paper, I must express my sentiments against a namby-pamby correspondent, who objects to your giving notice of certain sporting events. What on earth do *wives* or *daughters* want with a sporting paper?

I am a husband and a father, and I flatter myself a consistent one; as such I subscribe for a *sporting* paper for *myself*, and the *Ladies' Companion, Mirror*, &c. &c. for my *wife and daughters*. I should as soon think of reading sentimental poetry as putting into the hands of females a *sporting paper*. What do they want with the *time* of Mingo, Mary Blunt, Bascombe, &c., or their *pedigrees?* You, as editor of a sporting publication, are bound to your subscribers to chronicle all interesting sporting events, whether they are cock fights or horse races; then each sportsman gets the information he subscribes for.

I have no doubt but your fastidious subscriber, (if he is one,) and his female family, gloat over Indian massacres and Texian victories, and yet, forsooth, shudder at an account of a single stick match, which teaches a man endurance and skill in time of war. Witness, for instance, Shaw, the Life Guardsman, at Waterloo, who was an accomplished *pugilist* and *single stick* player. For manhood's sake, Mr. Editor, do not give in to such *old women's* nonsense, but give us sporting news, edited in your usual sensible and felicitous manner, and you shall no more be troubled with scrawls from your old subscriber and obedient servant,

SNOOKS.

P.S. If the old lady's female family must read a sporting paper, when they see an article headed which they consider not fit for their sensibilities, let them pass it as we presume they do the *List of Stallions for* 1837.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

An agreeable and well informed correspondent of the Boston Daily Atlas is writing for that excellent journal a series of interesting letters from this city, from one of which we make the extracts annexed:—

Everything here is done by printing. The Press is the be-all and the end-all of every department of life. Newspapers, pamphlets, caricatures, handbills, and cards are the main machinery of existence here. I had rather be a printer in fair *job business*, than the handicraftsman that marches in Trades Union processions under any other banner. Dr. Faust ought to have a monument erected to his memory in the Park, and be considered the tutelary genius of Gotham.

Newspapers are a great staple here. I refer you to the guide books to ascertain their number; I know it not, it seems to me to be Legion. Everybody takes a newspaper. They are sold at all hours of every day, Sundays *not* excepted, of every size, character, and price, from a penny to a shilling. Some people have favorite papers, and buy only them Many are omniverous, and take in the whole. Reading rooms are numerous, and every pot-house has its files of newspapers. The first thing you hear in the morning is the newsboy's cry, and the last thing at night is the importunity of the Chronicle carrier. They waylay you as you go down Wall-street, up Broadway, into the Theatre, on board or away from the steamboat, and even as you go into church. One lives, while in New York, in a complete rustle of newspapers.

Pamphlets are another potent engine here for carrying on the game of life. Does a man commit murder, there is no limit to the versions given to the public of his last confession. The hotels, streets, and places of private as well as public resort, are all besieged by the venders of these little begrimed folded and stitched sheets, *ornamented* with a wooden vignette, all shade and no light. Has any quack a desire to bring his nostrum before the public, he engages a newspaper boy to peddle his pamphlets of recommendations between the damp sheets of the Herald and New Era, "only sixpence a piece" in the former case, and "free, gratis, for nothin," in the latter!

Cards are capital instruments for diffusing information. But, then, cards are selfish *media* altogether, being struck off and circulated chiefly for the ulterior gainful purposes of the originator. I have on my table, for instance, (voluntary offerings of the projectors,) cards from cuppers, leechers, and bleeders,—tradesmen of all denominations,—proprietors of pictures, galleries, caravans, African glens, and theatres,—the faculties of colleges, universties, and academies,—hotel keepers, steamboat owners, stage agents, and omnibus drivers,—washerwomen, manglers, and clear-starchers,—Fourth of July projectors of entertainment,—regatta clubs,—and the gardens. Then there are the whole array of visiting cards, of every size, all sorts of letter, and of every teint in the rainbow. As Hamlet told Horatio,

"We must speak by the *Card* here."

Handbills are akin to cards. They are to cards what Broodignag was to Lilliput. They are generally too big for in-door visitations, though sometimes suspended upon door screens, and on hat pegs, in the bar-rooms of ale-houses, gin-shops, and hotels. Their place is on dead walls, or on yellow pine boards, prepared for the purpose, and dropped here and there at public corners, leaning up against posts,—whence they are called posters by the pasters. They come in play for everything, and are of no particular party, being a favorite with all parties.—You may see on a single dead wall in Broadway a Whig, a Tory, and a Loco Foco handbill, side by side, as lovingly as if the contents of each were but a conserve of the sympathies of all. No paster of handbills thinks of encroaching upon the spot selected by a predecessor; "honor bright" is the word, and "first come, first served," the maxim. Sometimes a bellicose partisan tears down the bills of an opposing faction,—but rarely: for exposure is sure to follow *in print*, "a bird of the air carrying the matter," in the shape of one of the thousands of idle, yet observant loafers, with which the streets are ever overflowing. A case of this kind occurred last week, and dire has been the exposure and retribution. The elections are the great harvests of the printers and bill-stickers. Every Ward is full of them, all over the fences, houses, shops, stores, posts, and pumps. Even "stick no bills here," and "commit no nuisance," have no charm against electioneering posters; and no spot is sacred from these patriotic and ornamental appendages. An ambitious, but unsuccessful candidate for the office of Alderman in one of the upper Wards, at the late election in this city, still makes a point of keeping up on the street wall of his store the placard announcing his candidacy, in flaring capitals. He prides himself on it, and deems it as a great enhancement of the fee simple of his estate. Theatrical handbills are also a great source of emolument to certain printing establishments here; and I know of newspaper concerns which will tolerate the performances at no theatre whose bills are not printed from their types. There is one in particular which comprehends a paid printer, a paid puffer, and a paid critic,—all on the strength of the show bills. You may always know the best theatre in New York by the plainness of its bills. Coarse paper, narrow form, moderately sized letters, and no puff, are their characteristics,—and Ellen Tree's and Forrest's names are thus exhibited in letters not one half so large as those of John Sefton, Tom Hamblin, or John Jay Adams. In short, the stranger in New York may know where to get his clothes or manners mended, his corns or his bacon cured, his shoes or his fortune made, his beard or his note shaved, by a careful study of the show bills. He needs never to consult a guide book or a directory to ascertain modes of conveyance to any part of the city, the country, or the world. He has before him, in the shape of lithographic plans and charts, a clear demonstration of the way to wealth or to ruin, as the case may be,—and can find a deal of amusement in reading the bills, and admiring their adornments, even if he do not avail himself of their magnificent promises.

Caricatures come next in my list, and certes, this is not the least amusing form in which the printing mania displays itself. These caricatures are political, and chiefly whiggish in their character. There have been some admirable hits in this way. Even during the gloomiest of the panic and pressure, these amusing affairs have afforded us day after day, fresh food for fun, and we have dried our eyes, moist with the tears shed over distress and embarrassment, to fill them again to overflowing with laughing. Sometimes these caricatures are religious and sectarian. A raving preacher is sometimes thus shown up,—and abolition discourses are illustrated by an edifying picture, full of the lights and shadows of an amalgamated congregation at the Tabernacle or Chatham Chapel.

I do not pretend to have enumerated all, nor indeed half the forms in which this mania developes itself here. Your patience would give out long before I could get through the appropriate comments upon the *printed* bills of fare at the hotels,—*printed* catalogues of auction sales,—*printed* circulars of physicians, book-subscription-solicitors, land-jobbers, dry goods sellers, and wet nurses.—There is, in fact, no use that the Art can possibly be put to which has not been practically tested in this our goodly city of Gotham. *I should not wonder at all if even this letter were to be "printed" before it is done with.*

Yours, truly, WALL STREET.

Chicken Fighting.—Old Governor Wright, of Maryland, used to be so fond of chicken fighting, that he kept mains of them, and was often known when Governor, to bet a dollar with a *negro* on the result of a fight.

Mobile Merc. Advertiser.

George W. Dixon, the American Melodist, is giving concerts at Portsmouth, N. H. George is a rare bird. Portland Argus.

A black swan? asks the Boston Transcript.

WINNERS OF THREE AND FOUR MILE RACES.

Fort Gibson, (Ark.) 10th April, 1837

Mr. Editor,—I have occupied a leisure hour in ascertaining the number of winners of three and four mile races, got by our stallions, from the publication of the Turf Register to the 31st of December, 1836. I annex a list, which I do not assert is correct in every instance; but which, I am convinced, has but few if any omissions. I have excluded the stallions which have got but a single winner of a three-mile race. I have limited my inquiry to the stallions which have got winners of long races, for to them, I am convinced, must we look for the *improvement* of the breed of horses: and I think it the more necessary to call the attention of breeders to these stallions at the present time, as the large and increasing colt stakes, generally for mile heats, coming into vogue, will make it more profitable to breed a winner of them than to breed a four miler. Wind, endurance, ability to carry weight, with soundness of constitution and of limbs, are the qualities we look for in horses for general use; and these are most likely to be imparted by long distance horses. I regret that two year old stakes should ever be run for in this country, as many of the English turfmen insist that the early training and racing of their horses injures their powers, and leads to the breeding of a class of horses, speedy it is true, but slight, wanting substance and endurance. In the rage for imitating everything English, I fear they will increase; but while we adhere to our practice of running long races of heats, there will be some corrective of the evil, should it grow into one. Let each country continue its present system of racing; and the advantages of each can be secured to both, by means of the breeding stud. In one particular, however, I should like to see the English custom adopted, that of limiting our stallions to a moderate number of mares. The more vigorous the stallion, the more closely will his progeny partake of his qualities; and for myself, if I wished to breed a superior racer, I would rather pay $200 for the season of a horse which covered but one mare a day, than to pay $100, when allowed to cover three, which appears to be the *minimum*, as some advertisements kindly inform us that *only* three a day will be covered by the horse. With owners it appears to be a matter for exultation, if their horses serve an unusual number; and at the close of the season we are edified by the information that 120, or 180 mares have been covered by one horse. This practice should be discountenanced, and an effort made to prevent our stallions being overtasked, and thus secure a strong and healthy breed of horses.

In this list I have included matches and sweepstakes, even in the few instances when the sweepstakes were four miles out. I have also considered a walk over as a victory, although I am aware the English do not so consider it; but I think that if the horses present at a meeting do not contest a purse, the superiority of the horse to whom it is surrendered is as clearly evinced as if he had beat them. Forfeits in matches have not been included.

NAMES OF STALLIONS.	No. of winners of 4 m. heats.	No. of 4 m. h. races w.	No. of winners of 3 & 4 m. h.	No. of 3 & 4m.h. races w.
By Sir Alfred, (dead)	1	3	1	4
Sir Andrew, (dead)	1	2	4	8
Sir Archy, (dead)	10	15	25	45
Sir Archy of Transport	2	4	2	9
Apparition, Imp.	1	1	–	–
Arab	2	2	3	6
Alexander	–	–	1	2
Barefoot, Imp.	–	–	3	3
Bertrand	10	18	25	57
Blind Jackson	—	—	1	2
Carolinian	—	—	3	6
Cherokee	1	2	4	9
Sir Charles, (dead)	16	48	23	85
Clifton, (dead)	—	—	1	2
Contention	3	13	4	18
Contract, Imp.	–	–	2	2
Crusader, (dead)	–	–	3	3
Director, (dead)	1	1	3	3
Duroc, (dead)	–	–	1	2
Eclipse	10	19	19	42
Flagellator	1	1	1	3
Gallatin, (dead)	1	1	–	–
Gohanna	7	10	10	17
Sir Hal, (dead)	1	1	3	5
Sir Henry, ch. (dead)	3	8	7	13
Hephestion, (dead)	1	1	2	2
Hickory, (dead)	1	1	1	3
Hot-pur	–	–	2	4
Industry, (dead)	4	7	5	14
Kosciusko	3	3	8	12
Leviathan, Imp.	2	2	7	8
Maryland Eclipse	1	1	2	2
Marylander	1	1	4	4
Marion	2	3	4	8
Medley	4	6	7	13
Mercury, (dead)	2	2	3	7
Monsieur Tonson	6	11	13	27
Muckle John	2	7	4	16
Napoleon, (dead)	–	–	2	3
Oscar, (dead)	–	–	1	2
Pacific	2	2	7	11
Pacolet, (dead)	–	–	4	6
Phenomenon, (dead)	–	–	2	2
Pirate	1	1	2	3
Ratler	2	3	10	12
John Richards	7	10	10	20
Sir Richard Tonson, (dead)	–	—	1	2
Rob Roy, (Randolph's, dead)	1	1	4	9
Rob Roy, (Singleton's)	–	–	2	4
Roanoke, (dead)	1	1	1	5
Shakspeare	–	–	2	2
Shawnee, (dead)	–	–	2	7
Stockholder	3	10	13	26
Star, (dead)	1	3	3	7
Sir Solomon, (dead)	–	2	–	–
Sumpter, (dead)	2	2	7	10
Tariff	1	1	2	2
Timoleon, (dead)	1	1	3	4
Trumpator	1	1	2	3
Tuckahoe, (dead)	1	11	5	19
Valentine, Imp.	1	1	–	–
Virginian, (dead)	4	10	6	20
Waxy	–	—	1	2
Washington	1	1	2	3
Sir William, (Clay's)	1	1	3	3
Sir William of Transport, (dead)	2	2	5	11

Of the above enumerated winners, Singleton, by Bertrand, won nine races, four being of four mile heats. Trifle, by Sir Charles, won seventeen, thirteen being of four miles. Collier won fourteen, six being of four miles. Sally Hornet won eight, five being of four miles; and Andrew won five of four miles. Ironette, by Contention, won fifteen, eleven being of four miles. Black Maria, by Eclipse, won eleven, seven being of four miles. Muckle John, Jr. won eleven, six being of four miles. Post Boy, by Sir Henry, won five of four miles. Argyle, by Monsieur Tonson, won five, four being of four miles. Lady Nashville, by Stockholder, won six of four miles. Bachelor, by Tuckahoe, won fourteen, eleven being of four miles. Polly Hopkins, by Virginian, won nine, six being of four miles. The best time, four mile heats, was made by John Bascombe, Trifle, Andrew, Alice Grey, and Post Boy. This test of time is very fallacious, however, without we take into consideration the course over which the race is run, with its condition, the weather, the condition of the horses, their relative equality, and the manner in which the race is run.

It is very important that the obituaries of distinguished horses should be noticed. In 1836, Timoleon died in Virginia, and Sir Lovell in Kentucky; but I have seen no mention of their deaths in the Register. Turf Register for July.

OCCURRENCES OF THE WEEK.

A dog in Broome-street snatched a hasty repast from the calf of a gentleman's leg. Dog not mad.

No women run over in Broadway, in consequence of crossing the street without looking to the right or left.

First appearance of Miss Melton at the Park. Critics for once unanimous.

Great demand for fowling pieces at Reed's. Not a clerk that doesn't talk of bagging his three brace.

Diabolical attempt to poison a whole family, at breakfast, in Beekman-street, by putting one of Marryat's stories under the teapot. Providentially not one of the family could read.

A rich widow arrived at the Astor-house. Divers dandies observed to glance upwards at the drawing-room window.

Fanny Wright proposes to clothe all the poor in one uniform and no religion.

Murder of Mr. Young, by persons unknown, much talked of, and murder of Rolla, by Hield, not talked of at all.

One Stephen J. Mack sent to prison for altering forged notes, and a man applauded at Niblo's concert for a similar offence.

Births.—At his bookseller's, Col. Stone of a still born history of *Brandt*.

Hot weather in Virginia. Thermometer all *far-in-heit*.

City theatre opened. Much good acting and no bad women. Reminds us of the boy's little slice of bread and butter, which he wanted very long and very thick.

Williams, the oculist. His appearance at the West not considered "good for sore eyes."

Adrien, the magician, gives up raising the devil, and sails for France.

Census of Rhode Island. Population several thousands, exclusive of one female infant sworn by Hannah White upon a Methodist parson.

Some of our lawyers take *twenty-five cents* from prisoners—when they cant get more. So says an officer of the Court of Sessions.

Blair, of the Globe, calls Mr. Webster "a wolf." He is not a wolf in the liver of "*the* party,"—that is, in sheep's clothing.

Mr. Latham is playing at the Park. Best actor in his line in the country.

Dreadful war between the Newburgh and Poughkeepsie folks about the late regatta. Do the latter gentlemen wish to match the Washington against one of our club boats, or will they *waive* the proposal?

Evening Post calls upon "*the* party" to interdict Mr. Tallmadge from making any more speeches.

Editors are punning upon the name of Commander Breese. Quite a windfall.

Steamboat Monroe lost—in a fog.

People in Boston quarrelling about a flag-staff which their city government have placed on the common.—Shouldn't wonder if it was *mall*-treated.

Sunday News.

HINTS TO THE FRATERNITY.

To the Editor of the New Era:—

Dear Locke,—I don't know you, except from seeing you in a steamboat the other day, when you were looking as solemn as a castiron clergyman; but I know you are a funny fellow when you like to be, and I want to know why you don't forget the troubles of the times, and let us have some fun? Now's the very time for fun; we sha'n't want it half so badly when everything gets prosperous again, and when we shall have all the past to make it out of. I am really pining for something to be merry about. I can't find anything to give me the least cheerfulness, except the idea of laughing hereafter at everything that takes place now. I haven't a husband, or I would try to make something out of him. The scarcity of change affects everybody—even a beautiful young lady like me, has no chance of changing her condition. Paying of all kinds is out of the question, and not a young fellow in town or country now thinks of paying even his addresses. These banks must be bad things, for they not only suspend specie payments, but threaten the suspension of the human species. The very parsons are below par just now. But what say you to wed-Locke? or are you already nupt-alized? "I want to know," as the people down east say about everything; and conscious that you neither know my name nor hand-writing, I ask the question with all the unsophisticated curiosity imaginable. Yet, upon reflection, I don't care whether you are married or not, for who but an old maid, in the very extremity of misery, would think of wedding an editor? Who would like to be fed with a quill? And besides, I have heard that editors lie in damp sheets, upon a press bed! No! I vow I wouldn't have you upon any terms.

But come, this isn't what I was going to say. I want you to write some amusing things about books, or the fashions, or the stupid men, just to divert me and my cousin a little—I don't mean such dirty flimsy trash for vulgar ignorant girls, as your horsewhipped neighbor writes, but something humorous and scholar-like, as T. Hood or T. Hooke would write. Come, pluck up, I insist upon it, and leave the affairs of the country to take care of themselves. I'll give you a capital hint. You are probably aware that the women now wear their corsets underneath their frocks, and cannot loosen them, even in the hottest weather, without retiring to their dressing rooms. Now, if you would suggest that this modern essential to fashionable symmetry should be worn outside, all the fair sex would be in love with you at once. You see the corsets might then be made highly ornamental and beautiful. It might be made of satin, richly embroidered, and laced up in front with a silk cord. Would not this be pretty? And then you see what a capital original pun you might make, by saying that you had discovered a method for immediately relieving one half of the community from the *pressure*. I verily believe you might introduce this very important reform, if you would, for ear-rings have been discarded by all genteel ladies ever since you ridiculed them so. And then what fun it would be to see the men imitating us, and wearing their corsets outside instead of in, as they do now! Let us have some practical jokes of this sort, and we shall all be quite lively. Only try if you can't get the men to wear bonnets, instead of Leary's hats, and we shall have some fine fun for all the summer. Now, mind! Yours, truly,

Fanny Merrythought.

Summary.

Hail Columbia, happy land,
If I aint ruined I'll be —

Hush! We recollect, years ago, having been amused with Paulding's story of the flat-boat man on the Mississippi, whose craft was run into, and teetotaciously smashed, chawed up, extrabonically fragmentified, and knocked to nothing quicker than greased lightning, by a steamer. He seated himself on the principal floating portion of his broad horn, and when the next boat passed, was trolling forth the above distich most musically.

So we all go. High pressure systems of doing business, of living, dressing, eating, drinking, and pleasuring, have put the whole country in the condition of the Mississippi broad horner. But we've got body and bones left—so had he; and we have fragments of the wreck left to cling to, as he had. If we do not also keep his elasticity of spirits, it is—partly at least—our own fault. The only panacea is patience, and the only comforter hope—and we rejoice to think that the one can now be preached with a better face than we feared a month ago, and the other is really getting some little foothold. So cheer up!

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile-a. N. Y. Sun.

Tight Boots.—A physician says, that during the past week he has attended four cases of apoplexy caused by tight boots. To persons of choleric temperament, nothing is more dangerous. The following confession of a sufferer may throw some light on the subject:—"Before I attempted to draw them on, I rubbed the inside with soap, and powdered my instep and heel with flour. I next drew the handles of two forks through the straps, lest they should cut my fingers, and then commenced the "tug of war." I contracted myself into the form of a chicken trussed for the spit, and whatever patience and perseverance Providence had given me, I tested to the utmost. I danced round the room upon one foot many times, and after several intervals of respiration and pious ejaculation, I succeeded in getting my toes into trouble, or I would say, into purgatory." Times.

Horrible Encounter with a Bear.—On Monday, the 5th ult., near the mouth of the White River, Stephen Harris, (the keeper of a public house on the river), went out with a friend, Mr. F. J. Keen, on a bear hunt. It was not long after they went out, before Harris encountered one of the largest and fiercest bears in the forest. He fired on his game two or three times, wounding him badly, but not mortally for the moment; seeing his antagonist still struggling, and making fight, he determined to close on him with his large knife, in preference to shooting again, at the risk of killing some of his dogs, who were surrounding the bear; but when he advanced pretty close, he found he had lost his knife, and in this posture his enemy sprang at him taking out a portion of the bowels, almost at the first grasp. In a few seconds, he tore loose and parted the *femoral artery*, and he bled to death instantly, only having time to exclaim, "*I am killed!*"—His companion came up at the time, but all efforts to save him were in vain. He has left a large family, and was esteemed a good citizen.—This is truly a melancholy end to one of our oldest hunters! He has been one of the hardy and sturdy pioneers of this wilderness, and heretofore has always made these denizens of the forest cower to him, having slain his thousand in his day. Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

Reasons for Going West.—Some were coming west because their children multiplied faster than their means of support, and Uncle Jonathan had "writ" to "un," that "punkins" grew so big out west, that they made a stable for the cow out of one half, and fed her through the winter on the other half, and the only difficulty in raising garden "sarce" was, that it grew so long that they pulled them through on the other side—and that the ground itself was so fat, that it would do very well to grease wagons and make candles, and, on a pinch, it made tolerable good gravies, when a man was powerful hungry; and then their "gals" "was" growing up, and they had nothing to set them out with—and they had "hearn" say that wives were so scarce out west, that any body could get husbands any how; and if they staid east, they would have to be "pot rastlers" for other folks, and their "gals" "was" as good as any body.

Irish Fights.—Sure, we always do challenge each other to play a match of ball or hurling, and thin, in the coarse of play, one man gives a false ball, or another cuts it, and thin there's a dispute about it; or in hurlin', the same way, in the hate of the game, may be the fellows before you is jist goin' to have the ball all to himself, and you afther him, hot foot, what can you do but give him a thrip? and away he goes head over heels, and if he's not disabled, there's a chance he loses his timper, and comes to thrip you—when, may be he is not so necessitated to thrip you as you wor to thrip him, and that doesn't stand to raysun in your opinion, and may be you can't help givin' him a clip o' the furl, and down he goes; and thin, may be, one o' his barony sees that, and doesn't think it raysonable, and slaps at you—and so on it goes like fire among flax, and the play turns into a fight in no time; and, indeed, in the long-run we find 'tis the best way of arguin' the point; for there might be some fractious sperits would dispute about the fairness o' this play, or the fairness of that play, and that it was an accident settled the game; but when it comes to rale fighting', there can be no words about it; for, you see, when you dhrive every mother's son o' them before you, and fairly leather them out of the field, there can be no mistake about it. Rory O'More.

Newspaper Advertisements.—I behold on this broad sheet a glorious composition of fraud, falsehood, and folly. Look at the array of advertisements. One offers to lend fifty thousand pounds on good security who scarcely possesses fifty pence; another desires to sell a horse, warranted without blemish, and only to be disposed of because the owner has no farther use for it. The last part of the sentence alone bears any relation to the truth, as the animal can be of no use to the owner or to any one else. A third is eloquent upon the virtues of a vegetable pill, which cures all diseases; to which it should have been added, by destroying both the disease and the patient. A fourth, acknowledging the most disinterested intentions, delicately confesses his want of a wife possessed of a moderate property, while stating himself to be a gentleman of middle age with a small income; but, in truth, his income is so small, that it might have been named without the use of figures, and the middle of his age is as near the end of his life as may be. Here a worthy citizen offers some pipes of foreign wines of the most approved vintage; and he is the most likely person to know their genuineness, having manufactured them in his own warehouse. Here, an honest tradesman announces that he is selling off his goods, much under prime cost, for the benefit of his creditors, which benefit will prove to be a great loss, he having most successfully swindled every person who would give him credit. Wherever the eye glances, it finds evidence that one set of people preys upon another, as one species of insect is devoured by a more powerful race.

Mephistophiles in London.

The Spartan Women.—In their domestic life, the Spartans, like the rest of the Greeks, had but little pleasure in the society of their wives. At first the young husband only visited his wife by stealth—to be seen in company with her was a disgrace. But the women enjoyed a much greater freedom and received a higher respect in Sparta than elsewhere; the soft Asiatic distinctions in dignity between the respective sexes did not reach the hardy mountaineers of Lacedæmon: the wife was the mother of men! Brought up in robust habits, accustomed to athletic exercises, her person exposed in public processions and dances—which, but for the custom that made decorous even indecency itself, would have been, indeed, licentious—the Spartan maiden, strong, hardy, and half a partaker in the ceremonies of public life, shared the habits, aided the emulation, imbibed the patriotism, of her future consort. And, by her sympathy with his habits and pursuits, she obtained an influence and ascendancy over him which were unknown in the rest of Greece. Dignified on public occasions, the Spartan matron was deemed however, a virago in private life; and she who had no sorrow for a slaughtered son had very little deference for a living husband.

Bulwer's Athens.

The Man who can do without going to bed.—A recent author, speaking of a well-known reporter, says, "He possesses a singularly strong constitution. I have spoken of his early rising; I should have mentioned, in proof of the vigourousness of his frame, that he is also late in going to bed. On an average, he has not, for the last twenty years, slept above four hours in the twenty four. He is often weeks without going to bed at all. It sufficeth him, as Wordsworth would say, to have two or three hours' doze in his arm-chair, and with his clothes on. In the year 1831, he was seized with the ambition of performing an unusual feat in this way. He aspired to the reputation of being able to sit up one hundred consecutive nights and days, without stretching himself on a bed, or in any way putting himself into a horizontal position, even for one moment. He actually did, incredible as it may appear, accomplish the extraordinary undertaking. For one century of consecutive nights and days, as he himself loves to express it, he neither put off his clothes to lie down in bed, nor any where else, for a second. Any little sleep he had during the time was in the shape of a doze, as just mentioned, in his arm-chair." Whether this hater of Bedfordshire is married or unmarried, our historian sayeth not.

A Hint to Anglers.—One of the greatest annoyances in angling is the catching of the hook either in weeds, in branches of trees, or in roots, shrubs, or sticks in the bottom of the water; and many are the hooks, to say nothing of gut bottoms, and some considerable portion of line that have been lost in this manner, of which we, in our time, have had ample experience. In former times we attempted to remedy this evil, by a clearing ring, which, though it seemed a very clever plan in the shops of the fishing tackle seller, seldom cleared a hook for us by the water side. The best method we know of, and of which we wish also to acquaint our readers, is to have a short forked stick, which may be cut from any hedge, and made to fit the top joint but one of your fishing rod; it need not be longer, fork and all, than three inches, which may easily be carried in the waistcoat pocket. When the hook is hitched, the top joint should be taken off, and the forked stick fixed in its place; the top and line, which should be kept tight, should be held in the left hand, and the rod in the right, and after unwinding a sufficient length of line from the reel, to be enabled to use the rod freely, run the forked stick down the line till you find it has reached the hook, then giving a gentle push with the rod, it will generally clear the hook, unless it is twisted round a stump or twig; and even then, by pushing hard, you may break close to the hook and save a considerable portion of your tackle.

London Sportsman for June, 1837.

Buffalo Baiting.—Among the Indians and half breeds of the party, were several admirable horsemen and bold hunters, who amused themselves with a grotesque kind of buffalo bait. Whenever they found a huge bull in the plains, they prepared for their teasing and barbarous sport. Surrounding him on horseback, they would discharge their arrows at him in quick succession, goading him to make an attack, which, with a desperate movement of the horse, they would easily avoid. In this way they hovered round him, feathering him with arrows as he reared and plunged about, and he was bristled all over like a porcupine. When they perceived in him signs of exhaustion, and he could no longer be provoked to make battle, they would dismount from their horses, approach him in the rear, and, seizing him by the tail, jerk him from side to side, and drag him backwards; until the frantic animal, gathering fresh strength from fury, would break from them, and rush, with flashing eyes and a hoarse bellowing, upon any enemy in sight; but in a little while, his transit excitement at an end, would pitch headlong on the ground and expire. The arrows were then plucked forth, the tongue cut out and preserved as a dainty, and the carcase left a banquet for the wolves.

Washington Irving's Adventures.

Committing Matrimony.—Passing up Chestnut street yesterday morning, we saw standing opposite the State House that awful looking vehicle (which always makes one's heart run down into the heel of one's stocking) y'clept the Black Maria. The officers had already deposited the ill-looking piece of carrion therein, a candidate for the hospitalities of Moyamensing, and his pickpocket ship was gazing, in the most cucumber temperament imaginable, through the grate at the gaping by-standers. With the same vulgar curiosity that actuated the other loafers, we drew nigh. "Law, sir!" said an admiring old lady, to one of the crowd, "where's he a-goin' ?" "To prison, ma'am." "My! what's he bin a doin' ?" "Fallin' in love, ma'am!" said the quiz. "Massy me!" said the old woman, and lifting her hands and eyes in admiration excessive, went on her way, like Virgil's Venus, enwrapped in a cloud—of wonderment.

Philadelphia Herald.

To prevent Horses being teased with Flies.—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water, let it infuse one night, and pour the whole the next morning into a kettle and let it boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold it will be ready for use. Nothing more is required than to moisten a sponge with the liquid, and before the horse goes out of the stable let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz., between and upon the ears, the neck, the flank, &c. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure, will derive benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the waggoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months. London Sportsman for June, 1837.

Arabian Horse.—Speaking of the Arabian horses, Mr. Stevens, in his "Travels in Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land," says: "The Sheik's was a noble animal. The saddle had not been off her back for thirty days; and the Sheik himself, a most restless creature, would dash off suddenly a dozen times a day, on a full run across the valley, up the sides of a mountain, round and round our caravan, with his long spear poised in the air, and his dress streaming in the wind; and when he returned and brought her to a walk at my side, the beautiful animal would snort and paw the ground, as if proud of what she had done, and anxious for another course. I could almost imagine I saw the ancient war horse of Idumea, so finely described by Job."

"These two horses were twelve and twenty years old respectively; and the former was more like a colt in playfulness and spirit, and the other like a horse often with us; and the Sheik told me he could count upon the services of both until they were thirty five."

Dead Men's Thoughts.—It is recorded in the Boston Medical Journal of April, that some of the most eminent physiologists of Germany and France are now pertinaciously arguing the very curious question as to whether a man feels after his head is off. In support of this unpleasant theory many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others is the most unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner performed his duty. Windt states that after having put his mouth to the ear of a departed criminal's head, and calling him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this is attested by Fontenelle, Mogore, Guillitine, Nauche and Aldini. On the word murder being called in the ear of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblentz, the half closed eyes opened with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

Poor Business.—Some hard run counterfeiters in New York having entirely got out of material for manufacturing the more precious coin, have taken to counterfeiting cents. This, we should think, must be "the last run of shad." Ib.

More Peril for the King of the French.—A man in Haddonville, New Jersey, owes Philip a grudge for a severe trouncing the King of the French inflicted on him, when he was a school master in Jersey. We hope the Jerseyman will not undertake to disturb the peace of Europe in the gratification of his spirit of revenge. National peace should never be sacrificed to private animosity, even though the sufferer has been "wounded in the tenderest point"—his Honor, as Hudibras locates the seat of that attribute. N. Y. Sun

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Clifden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423. [A15] T. E.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the last Saturday in July next I will sell at my Farm, St. Leger, in Chesterfield County, 15 miles from Richmond, and 25 from Petersburg, *all* my Blooded Stock, consisting of BROOD MARES, COLTS, and FILLIES, of all ages; together with the whole stable of horses trained by me this Spring—a list of which follows:—

Experiment, 5 yrs. old, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler.
Ormond, 5 yrs., by Charles, dam by Alfred.
Margaret Armistead, 5 yrs., by Imp. Apparition, dam by Ogle's Oscar.
Reindeer, 4 yrs., by Sussex, out of the dam of Margaret Armistead.
Sorrel Filly, 4 yrs., by Charles, dam by Hal, grandam sister to Trifle's dam.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Tariff, grandam sister to Tuckahoe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Jack Andrews.
Bay Colt, 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Charles.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Screamer.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by J. C.
Gr. F. Gift, 3 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Drunken Frolic.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Nice.
B. F., 2 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam Drunken Frolic.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Tariff.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
S. F., 4 yrs., Full Sister to Collier.

Brood Mares.

Arietta.
Drunken Frolic, by full brother to Middlesex (Capt. Stockton's), out of the dam of Collier.
Sorrel mare, by Medley, dam Merino Ewe.
Bay mare, by Tariff, dam Sister to Tuckahoe.
Bay mare, by John Richards, out of the dam of Trumpator.
(With their foals.)

Also the most promising colt I know in Virginia, by Shark, dam Arietta, with a great many others.

Terms of sale, 12 months credit, with interest added. Negotiable notes, with approved endorsers.

Black Heath, July 1, 1837. [Ju8] JOHN HETH.

FOR SALE,

THREE SPLENDED JACKS, for Breeding.—They are from the Pyrenees, of extraordinary height, being from 15 to 16 hands high, with immense bone, and in every respect superior animals; and worthy the attention of breeders. They can be seen at Lewis's stable, corner of Stone and Broad sts. For terms apply to 84 Front-st., up stairs. [Jus-3t]

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, will offer at public sale, at the late residence of JOSEPH A. MABRY, deceased, in Knox county, twelve miles west of Knoxville, on the 24th day of October next, and continue until the sale is completed, the well known stable of Race-Horses and a variety of other Blooded Stock, all the Farm Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Jacks and Jennies, Household and Kitchen Furniture of various descriptions; the well-known Farm, the late residence, (except the widow's dower), together with all the other smaller tracts belonging to said estate; all the Corn, Fodder, Oats, Hay, Wheat, &c., which is on hands at the day of sale. Many other articles too tedious to mention.

Bond and approved security, and twelve months credit on all sums over five dollars, and a discount of six per cent per annum, for all cash paid on sums over five dollars.

Further particulars will be made known on the day of sale. Mr. James Cox will show the Farm.

All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and make payment immediately, and those having claims against it, are hereby notified to file their claims with us, within the time required by law, or they will be forever barred.

GEO. W. MABRY,
JAMES COX, } *Executors.*
W. T. GIVENS.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 14, 1837. [Jy1-5t]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

WANTED,

FOR some of the Western Theatres, for the term of five years, three American young ladies, of unquestionable respectability, from fifteen to twenty years of age. They must be well versed in erudition, and have some knowledge of music. For such, very liberal encouragement will be given. Address, within thirty days, (post paid) to

[J24] THOS. M. GROVES, N. Y. Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.

☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house, lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1.]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile, Ala., June 1, 1837.

PAVILLION—NEW BRIGHTON.

THIS magnificent establishment, the architectural beauty and arrangement of which competes with any other on the continent, having been furnished by the Pavilion Association, opens as a Hotel (under the charge of the subscriber) for the reception of boarders on Monday next, 10th inst.

Its situation is considered by all who view it, as the most eligible of any in the bay of N. York, for the purpose intended. The Pavilion consists of four edifices, united by corridors, piazzas, and colonades. The centre building is three stories high, surmounted by a dome and observatory, supported by columns. The centre building, 60 by 80, contains ten rooms adapted to be used as parlors, saloons, or drawing rooms, and twelve bed-rooms. In the rear of this building, connected by a corridor, is the great saloon, banqueting, or ball-room, 88 feet by 40, with a splendid dome ceiling. The basement under this room contains kitchens of the most approved construction, store-rooms, larders, cellars, vaults, ice-house, &c. Connected with the centre building by a grand colonade and corridor, are two wings, each 160 feet by 50, two stories high, besides basements and attics, containing 33 rooms and chambers.

The front of the whole is adorned by three magnificent porticos, forming with the connecting platforms a grand promenade, 231 feet in length by 15 in width. The perspective view formed through its vista of columns, is one of the most splendid that can be imagined.—The edifice is surrounded by grounds on which the hand of improvement is actively engaged.

Of all the bathing places and summer residences on our sea board, New Brighton must soon become the most distinguished, as it is already the most attractive, from the purity of the atmosphere, the beauty of its position, the elegance of its buildings, its convenience and accommodation for sea-bathing, and the variety of its amusements; while its proximity to the commercial emporium affords facilities to the man of business as well as to those who are in pursuit of health or of pleasure, which it is believed cannot be found so well united elsewhere. Excellent steamboats ply hourly between this and the city, and perform the trip in 20 to 30 minutes.

New Brighton, Staten Island, is situated on an undulating surface, rising gradually from the water; comprehending to the eastward a noble view of the bay of New York, with the shipping and ports of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and Long Island to the Narrows. On the north, a prospect of the Hudson River to the Palisades, including Hoboken and Jersey City; while towards the west may be seen Newark and its bay, down to Elizabethport, with the range of Bergen woods

Staten Island is about 16 miles long, with an average breadth of about four miles: it is well wooded, and its surface finely varied by hill and dale, with good roads in all directions. From every eminence the most magnificent panoramic views of ships and spires, villas and groves, sea and bay, country and city, present themselves. This variety of scenery throughout the Island renders the rides and walks particularly inviting and interesting: while its woods and waters afford amusement to the sportsman. The air is remarkable for its salubrity, as numerous instances of longevity among the inhabitants fully attest, and indicates its importance to those who desire to retain or recover the most inestimable of earthly blessings—health.

This establishment will continue open throughout the year, and the terms for board and other accommodations will be such as to make it an object of economy, as well as comfort, to the citizens of New York, to select it as a permanent residence. The breakfast hour in summer is at 7½ o'clock, and dinner at 4 o'clock. The steamboat which leaves New York at 3½ o'clock, reaches New Brighton before dinner is announced. The last boat to town passes at a quarter before 7 in the evening, and the first in the morning at a quarter before 8 o'clock. Board for the summer season will not exceed eight dollars per week. Children and servants half price.

One wing of the Pavillion is arranged for the accommodation of females, the other for single gentlemen, with a smoking saloon fronting the bay attached.

EDWARD MILFORD.

N. B. The Wines selected for this Hotel are very choice, and will be disposed of at reduced rates. [July 15-lt.]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Trustee, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. (*SOLD.*)

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1823. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1828.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—granddam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1836.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Shark—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. I, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Tenders out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone—Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Stinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of same color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. BEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.

Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonsen, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes. Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A27]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 20 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4.50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

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New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [tf]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec.
Blainville, L. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d Aug.
Batesville, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Cleaveland, Ohio.	Annual Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 7th Aug.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Greensboro', Ala.	Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
Greensburgh, Ky.	Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" "	Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. s. c. by Waxy, 11th Oct.
Kendall Co., Md.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Laurenceville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, —— Sept.
Mecklenburg, Va.	Buffalo Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Montreal, L. C.	Turf Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Sept.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday of Nov.
Niagara Falls, U.C.	Annual Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Aug.
Natchez, Miss.	Match, 2 m.h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
New York City.	Union Course, L. I., Match, $5000 a-side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, to come off during the Second Fall meeting.
New Orleans, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Oxford, N. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Camden Course, N. J.—Match, Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $2000 ft., *Charlotte Russe* vs. *Lady Clifden*, during the ensuing Fall meeting.
Russellville, Ky.	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Three Rivers, L. C.	Annual meeting, 2d Thursday, 10th Aug. King's Plate to be run for.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday of Oct.
Vicksburg, Miss.	Match, — heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

COUNTY COURT COLLOQUIES.

Principles and Practice of the Court.—At about half past ten on Thursday morning, a thick-set, podgy-built worthy, adorned with knee breeches and ancle jacks, and whose Bardolphian nose seemed to illumine the whole building, entered the body of the Court, accompanied by a genuine exquisite—a certain lord. Ankle Jack appeared to be very obsequious and communicative, and the *exquisite* listened to him with much attention and seeming courtesy; from the *latter fact* it would seem that it *was not* the Marquis of *Waterford*. Albeit a *row* of some magnitude ensued in another part of the Court. "This year's the hidentical summonsin Court as you ses you reads on in the newspapers, and all those 'ear people as you sees is bin summonsed, and waits to 'ear their names called. Lots o' women, my lord, and some on 'em wery tidy ones, ain't they?' Exquisite—"Aw bless me what a terrible place! The stench is most horrible; aw, could you get me a view of a summons?" "Tell yer all about it in the turn of a drain, me lord," said Ankle Jack, pulling out of his greasy hat a handful of unctious looking papers. "Now look 'year, this 'years a summons, and it costed the feller as summoned me *six'enpence* (16d). Werry good, I never notices no summonses; and so the next thing he gets is a *horder*, and then he has to fork out two bob (2s.) more. This year's the horder; but *wide-oh*, my lord, I don't take no notice of no order, nayther; and so then, arter another week, they comes it *habserlute* (absolute), and sends in this year, you see. So then, you know, down I comes; and if you looks up arter that there corner, you'll see, next to little Duke Humphrey, as is a taking money—a feller as they calls a rigister—werry good—spose my name's called out. I answers 'year.' 'Come round' ses they; and Mister Rigister, who's werry disagreeable in his way, ses—'Do you owe this year money?' 'I disputes it altogether,' ses I. 'Pay 2s. more and go inside,' ses he to the chap as summonses, and then we goes inter that glass case ther, afore Mr. Dubois." Exquisite—"Indeed—I thought—aw—Mr. Serjeant Heath presided over this Court."—"Why," replied Ankle Jack, "sometimes of a mawnin he takes a seat in that station house-looking consarn as fronts the gin-shop, but he werry seldom does any of the arternoon work, *werry seldom indeed*, his'ns a bit of sinnecure!" "Is it possible!" ejaculated the exquisite. "*Jonas Higginbottom*," roared the crier. "That's *me*," said *Ankle Jack*—"now you step in and jest see how I gets on—you'll larn more from looken on than wot I can tell yer, my Lord."—His Lordship followed. "What's this for?" said the queer looking registrar.—"Beer and wittles," said the plaintiff. "How will you pay?" said the registrar? "Not *no how*," said Ankle Jack—otherwise Jonas Higginbottom. "Pay 2s., and go *inside*," was the order. The licensed one sighed like a furnace, and handed the cash to the little noble man alluded to; "and this ear makes 5s. 6d," said he, "as we paid in follerin up this ear wagabon." "*Hold your noise*," said the little official, and one minute more brought the parties before Mr. Dubois, and rather a waggish and good tempered Jury. "Now, Mr. Higginbottom, how will you pay this money?" inquired Mr. Dubois? "Don't owe it," said Mr. Higginbottom. "Then why didn't you come to the summons?"—"w'ornt convenient," responded Ankle Jack. Mr. Dubois—"Then how will you pay?" "Told yer afore. I don't mean to pay nothink—(laughter)—I goes the statty." "What statty?" said one of the Jurymen. "Oh, you knows werry well, spirit lickers aint rickiverable no how, 'les they sarves us out a quart at a time!" Mr. Dubois—"It's a very dishonest defence, Sir; what do you say to the beer?" "Never drink't a drop," said the defendant, and never had no wittles. Where's his books?" Keeps all my 'counts in his 'ed," said Boniface; "but he's had wittles and beer too." "I denies it *in toto*," said the defendant, at the same time bestowing a remarkable leer on the astonished exquisite. "And I'll take my solid oath on it," said the licensed one. Between the conflicting testimony of the litigants, the absence of proof, either written or oral, and the operation of the "statty" pleaded by Mr. Higginbottom, the Jury felt called upon to dismiss the case without prejudice as to any future proceedings.

On coming out of Court, Ankle Jack renewed his colloquy—"You see, my Lord, said he "I knows how to git through those ear things, and I'se up to every move, and if so be as they was to take out an *hex* why, I shed know how to manage 'em!" "An *ex!*" said the exquisite, "pray what is an *ex*?" "Oh," said the fortunate Mr. Higginbottom, "a hex means a hexecution, a sort of writ as costs three and fourpence—and if so be you don't tend to the *habserlute horder*—why, *a hexecution* comes in course, and you gits grabb'd." "And what is the consequence?" inquired the Lording. "Oh," said Ankle Jack, "that's hobwious—we goes to Vitecross street, and pays it off after the rate of a shilling a day;—that is—s'posin the debt aint 20s you stops in the 40s ward for 20 days; but if it's on'ey a shillin over the suv'run, you're safe for 40 days and no gammon." "Dear me!" said the exquisite, "and is Whitecross street a very shocking place?" "Shocking!" replied Ankle Jack, "no—why its the pleasantest, most agreeablest place as ever I know'd on. Why they keeps chaps there purpose to shet the doors after yer—no charge for firing—inquiries arter health every night and morning—always wery happy to see yer, plenty good wittles, and lots o' company." Ah, but think," said the exquisite, "of the charms of liberty."—"We newer thinks about nothin of the sort. Liberty's a werry fine thing, and a prison mahaps another and arter all the on'ey difference is the liberty man is on one side of the wall and we happens to be on the 'tother." "Yes," said the exquisite (passing into the hand of his cicerone a gold coin), "I wish yer many werry 'appy days, my Lord," said Ankle Jack, as he parted company, and significantly eyed the money. "I hopes you may newer live to want it."

The Philosophical Sand Merchant.—We were the other day very much amused with the soliloquy of a sand pedlar, who was riding up town very leisurely on his vehicle. It is true that he was a little bit in for it—intoxicated—and, beside the dust behind him, had some in his eyes. The sun was hot and shed a thousand reflected rays from the mica powder with which our good housewives are wont to scour their stoops. It *was* good sand, and he was a salamander.

"Here's sand!" he cried, and then soliloquised. "It's d—d nice sand, and *I* make the assertion. Here's sand! If folks don't buy it's their own loss—that's all. I've got my sand—and they've got nothing. Here's your clean white sand! What's the jaw about the banks? My bank never refuses to discount—and I won't refuse. I'll give the heavy stuff for rags, and not stand upon security. Here's sand! Sand, d—n it every thing's sand. New York's sand. Albany's sand. The regency stood on sand, and they've toppled. 'Old Tammany's' foundations are sand, and the wigwam is shaking. Van Buren's hair is sandy, and so are the soles of his feet. Here's sand! Well if you neglect your own interest whose fault is it! Sa-a-a-nd! If it does sift out who cares? The street wont suffer by it. The Lord knows they want cleansing. Sand? did you say Miss? Oh you needn't turn up your nose, your mother wasn't too good to scour I'll bet a sixpence. Sand! The mothers scoured their houses, and the daughters scour the streets. Sa-a-a-nd! New York be d—d. It may go to the devil its own way before I try to sweeten it any longer. Sand? No—never a customer—never a sixpence—the banks have suspended and cleansing's suspended. Ghee-u-p Dobbin—you shall be suspended too, when I think your hide has got strong enongh to keep your bones together." Sun.

Hunting with Tigers.—On the coast of Coromandel the natives hunt the antelope with tigers. These ferocious animals, which are not much inferior in size and strength to the royal tiger, are tamed by hunger and blows until they are quite docile. When a hunt is determined on, they are led out by boys, with caps over their eyes, that they may not break away prematurely. As soon as the hunters consider themselves sufficiently near a herd of antelopes, the sign is given to the boy, who instantly uncovers the tigers' eyes, and slips off his leash; the antelopes with their leaders at their head, go bounding along the plain or valley, and the tiger crouching along the grass, approaches their line of motion, in an oblique direction. When he thinks himself sure of the leader, he rises to his full height, growls, and springs forward, with immense force and inconceivable swiftness, towards the herd. If he strikes the animal he aims at, it is instantly dead; but when he misses his aim, whether through exhaustion or shame, he slinks away and lies down in the most sulky humour in the first hole or ditch he can meet. When he is successful, the boy cuts off a piece of the antelope's flesh, and gives it t[o] him, and with this he is satisfied, and immediately relinquishes his prey.

The New Brighton Pavilion opens this day for the reception of occasional visiters and regular boarders. The Pavilion was built and furnished by the Pavilion Association, and is one of the most elegant and costly buildings in the United States. More than $150,000 have been spent in its completion. Under its present management it promises to make a happy home for both the disciples of Epicures and Graham. For a family residnnce during the summer months no place could possibly afford more of the comforts and luxuries of life. The location of the Pavilion House is upon one of the most prominent and beautiful spots upon Staten Island. The city, the shipping, the harbor, the bay, the highlands, and New Jersey, are all to be seen from the Pavilion. The air is fine and healthy, and the expenses of living, in times like the present, the first items to be considered, are such as to make a home in New Brighton much cheaper than one in the city. Mr. Milford has secured the best of associates and servants, and will spend his whole time in watching the interests of his two Hotels.

The furniture, beds and bedding, &c., are entirely new, and the house is furnished with the greatest possible taste. Nothing has been spared to contribute to the comfort of the boarders. Extensive Bathing Houses are placed in front of the building, where all the luxury of sea bathing can be enjoyed in perfect security. Steamboats ply from and to this city every hour, so that the man of business or leisure, may in less than twenty five minutes be at either place.

An Irish Row.—Sure we always do challenge each other to play a match of ball or hurling, and thin, in the course of the play, one man gives a false ball, or another cuts it, and thin there's a dispute about it; or in hurlin' the same way, in the hate of the game, may be the fellow before you is just goin' to have the ball all to himself, and you'r after him, hot foot, what can you do but give him a trip? Then away he goes head over heels, and if he's not disabled, there's a chance he loses his timper, and comes to trip you, when, may be he is not so necessitated to trip you as you wor to trip him, and that doesn't stand to reason in your opinion, and may be you can't help givin' him a clip o' the hurl, and down he goes; and thin, may be, one o' his carosers that, and doesn't think it raysonable, and slaps at you—and so on it goes like fire among flax, and the play turns into a fight in no time; and, indeed, in the long-run, we find it is the best way o' arguing the point; for there might be some fractious sperits would dispute about the fairness o' this play, or the fairness o' that play, and that it was an accident settled the game; but when it becomes to rale fightin', there can be no words about it: for, you see's when you dhrive's every mother's son o' them before you, and fairly leather them out o' the field, there can be no mistake at all about it. [Rory O'More.

Description of a Teetotaller.—I once travelled throughout all the State of Maine with one of them are chaps. He was as thin as a whippin post. His skin looked like a blown bladder arter some of the air had leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's liven on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly; real gander-gutted lookin critter, as holler as a bamboo walkin cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, the Lord a massy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved lookin critter, you, you'll eat 'em up alive as sure as the Lord made Moses. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp.

We go the same.—The editor of the Dedham Patriot is a very kind and forgiving soul. His last paper contains the following generous notice—(he shall have a place in the procession, the next time the "B. Y. M. S. for meliorating the condition of the Indians" turns out)— Boston Post.

"☞ Any man who will leave five hundred dollars at this office, shall receive the thanks of the editor, and no questions asked."

Peopling the West.—About a year and a half ago, a Mr. Charles Simmons moved from the State of New Jersey to the extreme west of Wisconsin, say fifty miles from the Mississippi river, with twin daughters and a son. His daughters were soon after married, and this spring have each been blessed with a pair of daughters, and the wife of his son was the lady mentioned in our paper some weeks ago, who had been blessed with *three*. Now we say hurrah for Charles Simmons, who has done more for the West than any other man.

Chicago Democrat.

Relieving Guard.—To relieve the guard, the corporal marches up one of his men to face the sentinel on duty. These two make a ratule with their firelocks, and hold them in a transverse position, which looks pretty; then they advance to each other with two long strides, and stick their faces close together, to the manifest danger of flattening their noses, the corporal standing by all the time, as if to see that they should not bite each other—another slap on their firelocks to rattle them—then the new comer goes over to the sentry box, and the other takes his place—then the corporal utters some mysterious grumblings—such as 'Haw! Who!' the men throw their transverse muskets upon their arms, as if they were going to nurse them—another grunt from the corporal—the relieved sentinel joins the main body, the corporal puts himself at their head, gives another mysterious growl, and tramp, tramp, they go again, to perform the same interesting and intellectual ceremony at another sentry box, until having finished his rounds, the corporal marches back into the guard house, twelve wet men, in lieu of twelve dry ones he took out. Rory O'More.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

THE undersigned give this early notice that Mr. Sol Smith will not visit New York this present summer, (as heretofore advertised,) most of the engagements for the ensuing year having been already made. Members of the profession who have business with us, will please address us at St. Louis until 25th Oct., and after that time at Mobile.

St. Louis, July 7. [Ju. 22-3t.] LUDLOW & SMITH.

FARM WANTED.

TO rent or lease, for a term of years, a farm, consisting of from 40 to 60 acres of land, in a state of cultivation, with a good house, out-houses, &c., at a reasonable rent. Should its location be adapted to keeping a public house, it would be preferred. A note addressed to C. R. T., and left at this Office, giving a description of the same, its location, the terms, &c. will be attended to. [Ju. 22.]

SWEEPSTAKES,

Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

NO. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.

1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Guiia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elmine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Sailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ——

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES,

TO be run for this Fall, over the Jefferson (Va.) Jockey Club Track. The meeting (most probably, as usual) two weeks previous to the Washington City races. Three or more to make a race—free for all 3 year old colts and fillies that have not won stakes at fashionable courses.

1st. Two miles and repeat—entrance $250, forfeit $75.

2d. One mile and repeat—entrance $150, forfeit $50.

The entries in either stake to be made on or before the 1st of August.

Charlestown, June 29, 1837. [Jus] Wm CROW, Jr., *Treasurer*.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open to be run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds that never won a race; Fall meeting, 1837; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Aug. Now 5 subs., viz.:

Jas. M. Selden,	Isham Puckett,
Wm. Jones,	J. S. Garrison.
A. L. Botts,	

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Fall meeting, 1837,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To close 15th Sept.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Spring meeting, 1838,) $500 ent., $250 ft; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, (Spring meeting, 1838,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $250; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st Nov., 1837. Now 2 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1838,) with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st June, 1838.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1838,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1838,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. 200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1838; to which there is now 5 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200.

Philadelphia, July 6, 1837. [Jus] W. N. FRIEND.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. RACES,

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 24th day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300; free for all ages; ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.; Two Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day—A Poststake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.; Two Mile heats; now one Subscriber—Wm. A. Verell.

Same Day—A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.; Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. H. Leland. Early & Amis. N. B. Starke. Jno. B. Jones. Wm. M. Inge.

Fifth Day—A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds; ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. A. Verell. N. B. Starke. Edw. Johnson. Levin Gale.

Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to.

H. A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
ROBT. BEVERLEY.

Greensboro', Ala., June 22d, 1837. [Jy15]

KENDALL COURSE—FALL MEETING, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the above course.

1st. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

2d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old; Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

Spring Meeting, 1838.

3d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

4th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

Gentlemen desirous of entering into the above stakes, will please address

Jas. B. Kendall, *Proprietor, Baltimore*.

☞ The Fall Races will take place over this Course the Second Tuesday in October (the 10th.) [Jl15]

BUFFALO JOCKEY CLUB—FALL RACES, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run for over this course, situated near Clarksville, Mecklenburg County, Va., at the ensuing Fall meeting.

1st. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $200, h. ft. Two Mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. 1837. Four or more to make a race.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close as above. Four or more to make a race.

3d. A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. One mile out. Colts 80lbs., fillies allowed 3lbs. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

This Club has been revived the present year, with a large increase to its subscription; trainers and breeders are invited to subscribe to the above Sweepstakes. Address the subscriber, Clarksville, Va

James Williamson, *Proprietor*.

Mecklenburg County, July 1, 1837. [Jl15]

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st August. Four subs.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept. One subscriber.

A Post Stake for 3 yr olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $300. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [Jl5-tls] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Tree Hill Course, Fall meeting 1837.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and four promised.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Expected to be large, now 1 sub.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race prior to naming, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Several have promised to come down to this stake.

Tree Hill, June 27, 1837. [Jus]

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Two mile heats, to come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in J 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, half forfeit.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names Imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.	Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.	G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell.	John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $100, ft. $250. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan	Col. W. Hampton	Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.

Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer*.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837. Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [Jl10]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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